

CARMEL PACIFIC

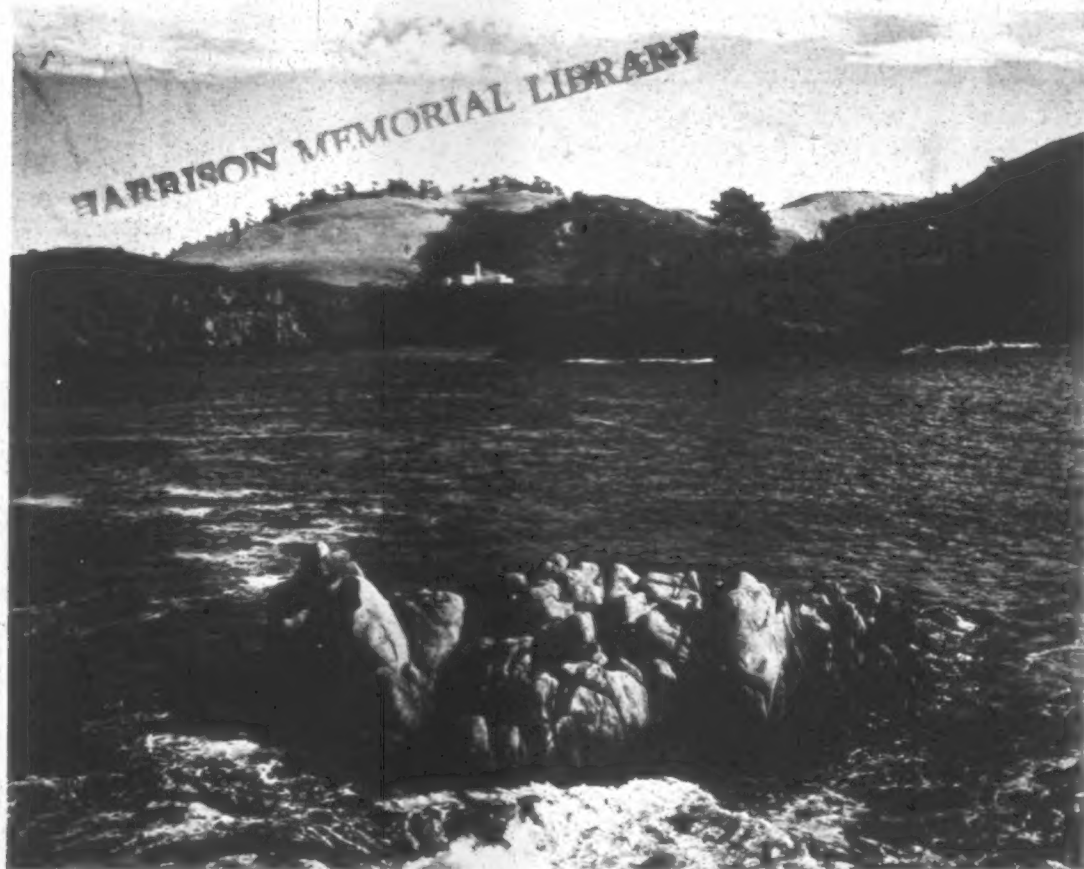
SPECTATOR-JOURNAL

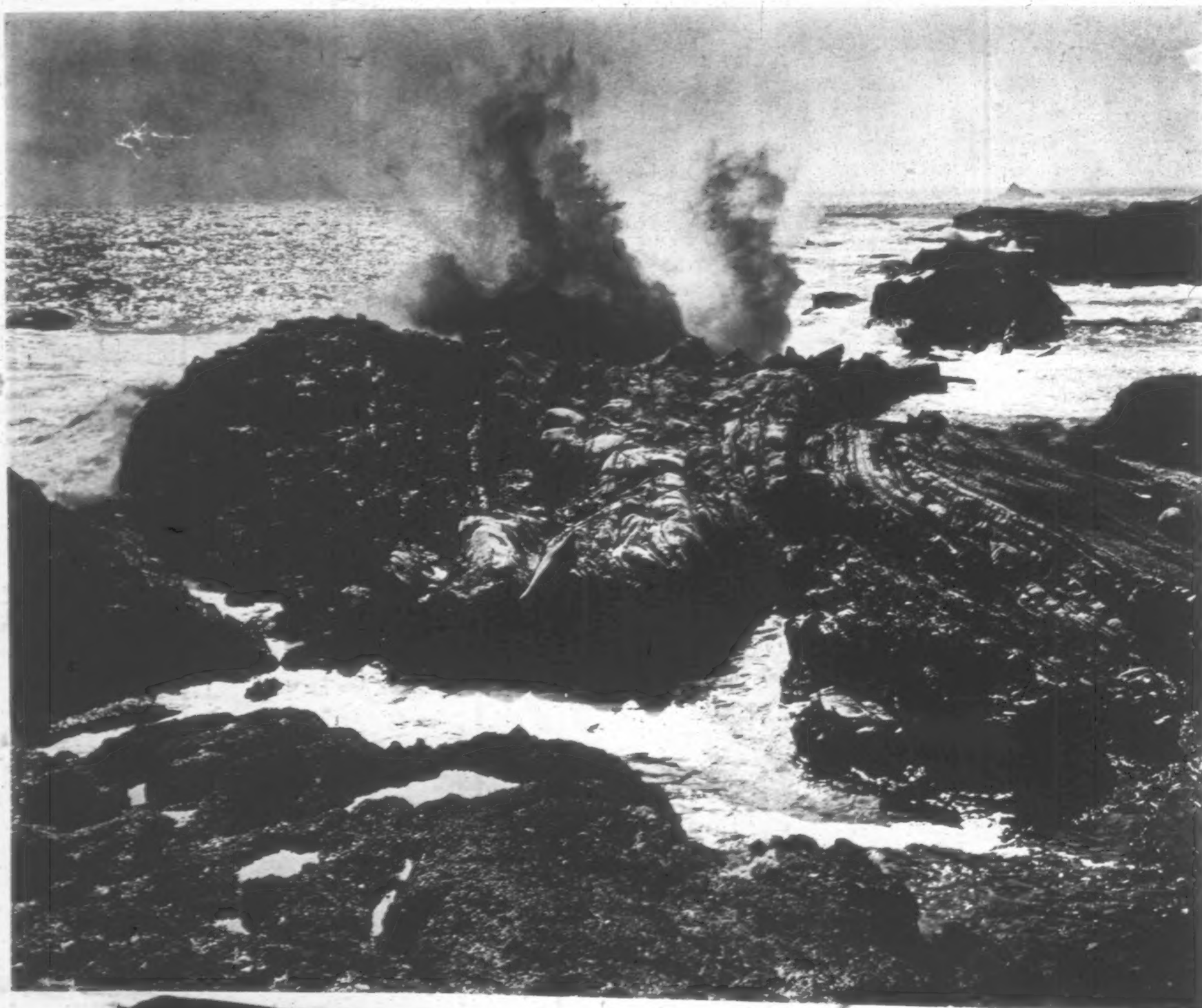
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Autumn Album

The Inside Outside of
CARMEL, BIG SUR, PEBBLE BEACH

Complete Section on
HOUSES OF DISTINCTION

- A Lyrical Journey to Big Sur
- Personalities. Robinson Jeffers, Edward Weston
- Fashions for Fall





POINT LOBOS by Edward Weston.

CARMEL PACIFIC SPECTATOR-JOURNAL

CARMEL PACIFIC PUBLICATIONS
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Thorne Hall
EDITOR, PUBLISHER, OWNER

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A magazine of general circulation.

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Thorne Hall, Editor, Publisher, Owner.

Mr. Spectator

This Album Edition of the Spectator-Journal is based largely on some of the best and most popular articles the Spectator-Journal has produced.

It has a two-fold purpose. It is designed to meet the seemingly endless requests of new and old subscribers for certain articles. It is designed as an updated revised replacement of the Spectator's Guide and Omnibook.

Additional copies of the Album Edition will be available on newsstands and at our office during September and October.

The Album Edition in many ways is fitting at this time, since the Spectator-Journal is embarking on a new program. It will be published bi-monthly hereafter. The next issue will be published the first week of November.

This every other month program will permit plans for accelerated statewide distribution and increasing the size and coverage of the magazine.

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CARMEL BEACH (above) from the Pebble Beach golf course. Below, the difficult 16th hole at the Cypress Point Golf Course. Photos by Julian P. Graham.





OCEAN AVENUE at Monte Verde, Photo by Wynn Bullock

THIS IS CARMEL

In 1922, Perry Newberry, artist and writer, ran for the Carmel Board of Trustees on an Art Ticket.

He posted this "Platform" on the town bulletin board:

DON'T VOTE FOR PERRY NEWBERRY

If you hope to see Carmel become a city . . .

If you desire its commercial success . . .

If concrete pavements represent your civic ambitions . . .

If you think a glass factory is of greater value than a sand dune, or a millionaire than an artist, or a mansion than a little brown cottage . . .

Carmel, in those days a village of 1,000 souls, elected Newberry. He immediately proposed that toll gates be put up to keep out the tourists.

Newberry lasted two years.

Today, 31 years after his Art Ticket's defeat, with Carmel a decidedly commercial city, swollen to a population of an estimated 5,500 within its corporate limits, with more true millionaires than true artists strolling on and driving over its many concrete pavements, with more mansions than little brown cottages, Carmel still likes to think of itself as the unique village it once tried so hard to be.

Like the proverbial ostrich, its head buried deeply in the shift-

ing sands of time, Carmel has sought protection from progress by refusing to recognize its inevitability.

The changes came, however, welcomed by many and deplored by some. But despite the changes, Carmel has remained unique in many ways. This uniqueness is, of course, encouraged by residents and tourist-trappers alike, though for different reasons. Part of it is phony. Some of it is surprisingly sincere.

What is Carmel today?

It's a potpourri of paradoxes.

A tourist town that largely disdains—even dislikes—tourists.

An art colony of famous names that has produced few new artists.

A summer resort with five bars and no cabaret entertainment.

A hard-drinking party town that looks dead and deserted at 10:30 P.M.

A community meticulously regimented to maintain its individuality.

A shopping center for a large semi-urban area that has only two chain stores and whose actual residents often go to other towns to shop.

A town where retired generals and effete aesthetes, club

THIS IS CARMEL

women and nature boys in blue jeans, merchants and amateur thespians, may meet on equal terms and, sometimes, even enjoy each other's company.

A highly commercialized community where few folks have an angle.

A town willing to spend a third of its budget on a police force, yet where almost nobody—and sometimes not even a few forgetful businessmen—lock their doors at night.

A desirable location for the independently wealthy, the independently poor and the just plain independent.

A Republican town that prides itself on its liberalism.

Carmel's idiosyncracies are, of course, a result of its unusual history.

Before the turn of the century, it was hilly forest leading down to the sea, culminating in a sickle-shaped beach of unbelievably white sand. The beauty of this beach provoked Surveyor David Starr Jordan, later first president of Stanford University, to write an article about it for Scribner's Magazine in 1885, and to buy land and build here. He was among the first.

As the years passed, more cabins arose in the gently sloping forests. And, in 1900, the Carmel Development Company, headed by Frank Powers and J. F. Devendorf, began to subdivide the land.

Property was cheap. Living on it was cheap too. There were no Joneses to keep up with. While no agricultural profit could be made from the land, it was an ideal place for artists and writers to pursue their crafts. It was also an ideal place to just sit and enjoy the scenery.

By 1908 there were 300 inhabitants, and a two-horse stage connected Carmel with sleepy Monterey. Carmel was incorporated in 1916, but still there was nothing to do except to sit, eat, sleep, paint, write and talk about it all. By 1922, the town had grown to 1,000 and become intensely aware of its character, so different from that of other American communities which expressed the young country's vitality in almost frantic productivity. In Carmel,



CROSSROADS of Carmel is the corner of Ocean and Dolores.

SCENIC DRIVE. Photo by Wynn Bullock



materialism was a conversation piece.

In the years that followed, considered by many to be Carmel's golden age, the town became the home, playground or workshop of many writers and artists, already famous or destined to become famous later. Intellectuals clustered all over the place. Little theaters flourished. People like Robinson Jeffers, Lincoln Steffens, George Sterling, William Kitchel, Anne Fisher, Martin Flavin and Will Irwin were at their creative height, and their spirit rubbed off on fellow residents.

Upton Sinclair, William Rose Benet, Sinclair Lewis and Mary Austin had lived here in the early days.

A count in 1929 revealed that over 200 writers, each with at least one published book to his credit, lived then or had lived in Carmel.

It was only natural that Carmel's fame should spread, and that people from all over the country should become interested in this pine tree community without sidewalks, streetlights and house numbers, where every second joker you bumped into was famous, or at least notorious.

Carmel's name was further spread by such incidents as the historic hunt for Evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson who waded into the surf at Santa Monica in the 30's, promising to return from the sea in six days. It was reported a couple of days later that she had been seen in Carmel, in the company of a friend, and a score of the country's top newspaper reporters descended on the town. If, however, Aimee was in Carmel at the time, no one gave her away in her seclusion—a fitting testimonial to Carmel's spirit of the day—and she showed up a few days later in Agua Prieta, Mexico, claiming loudly that she had been kidnapped.

By 1940, census takers counted 2,837 citizens within the village limits of Carmel. A good many of these were middle-aged and older, retired people attracted by the scenic splendor of the area, its equable climate, its leisurely mode of life, its many cultural events.

Carmel, then, was really Carmel: it was contained on the seven-eighth of an acre within its city limits, complete unto itself. The early 40's were the last years in which this was true. As soon as the war was over, Carmel outgrew its boundaries, life became more complex, its relationships with other communities on the Peninsula assumed increasing importance in its life.

But before Pearl Harbor, and for a short time after it, Carmel life held a magic intimacy. The Post Office then was in the building which now houses the Carmel Realty Company, and—with no mail delivery to homes within the village—the Post Office was the community center. Everybody came personally to call for his mail. By their box numbers, the saying went, ye shall know them.

People congregated at the Post Office to talk, and as they came and went they stopped at the community bulletin board. Everybody used this board. Everybody read the notices on it. It was the community's true newspaper, more significant and personal than any paper could be. It was the most effective want-ad section.

Telephone service was equally intimate. There was no dial system. Service, though frequently lousy, was extremely effective. If you didn't know somebody's number, you just told the operator the name of the party, and if you didn't know the address, it didn't matter, because she usually knew it.

In the old days, too, dogs were honored residents, and everybody knew everybody else's dog. There was one dog, in fact, who was everybody's dog. His name was Pal. He was the town's dog, fed by everyone, allowed to roam at will. Pal spent part of each day being spoiled by the youngsters at Sunset School, then made his rounds of the shopkeepers. He was buried with civic honors at the Forest Theater.

These somewhat disconnected examples of Carmel life in the old days have significance in the light of Carmel's character of today.

There is still no mail delivery within the village limits, but the Post Office has lost part of its community center function because at least half of Carmel lives outside of Carmel where there is rural route delivery.

By the same token, the billboard until recently between the Carmel Realty and the Village Corner is still in existence, though now moved across the street and rarely used. Nowadays only tourists seem to look at it, taking pleasure in it as one of Carmel's quaint oddities, and it would appear that those who post their

notices on the benighted board are prompted to do so largely by nostalgia.

The attitude toward dogs has also changed. Today's dog-lover in Carmel seems to abhor all dogs but his own. The police switchboard is flooded with complaints about barking dogs, and a couple of years ago Carmel's City fathers, with an uncanny misunderstanding of biological processes, moved to hold dog owners responsible if their pets show an inclination for using sidewalks or trees or fire hydrants on public property.

Despite peculiar civic actions, such as this, Carmel today is more virile than it was 15 years ago. It was a young man's town in the 20's and early 30's, in the late 30's and early 40's, it was a town of older people and greatly influenced by the retired mind.

Carmel is still popular with the retired and aged, and there are 37 doctors, dentists and optometrists maintaining offices in the village to take care of them—a stupendous number compared with national averages—but, overall, the village is becoming younger again.

A new crop of outsiders came to Carmel after peace was made; young couples, young businessmen, many of whom had discovered Carmel on pass during their military service. And Carmel is naturally popular with the officers (and their families) attending the U.S. Naval Postgraduate School and the Army Language School in Monterey.

Carmel's population in 1943, according to an estimate by British-born, capable and conscientious former City Clerk Peter Mawdsley, was over 4,000, including transients. The assessed valuation of the city was then \$5,513,180. The unincorporated area was ranch land. There were but few homes scattered here and there outside the corporate limits.

With the postwar years came phenomenal growth. The estimated population for the spring of 1956 was 5,600 for the corporate area alone, up 100 from last summer, with another 6,500 or so living in unincorporated Carmel which was nonexistent but a few years ago.

The latest assessed valuation for the village was \$11,868,055 in early 1954, but Mawdsley figures it's now over 12 million dollars. Carmel Woods, Hatton Fields and Mission Tract, which is growing rapidly, have an assessed valuation close to 8 million, and Pebble Beach, the Carmel River Bottom, lower Carmel Valley, and the Highlands have an additional assessed valuation of over 5 million. The valuation of the school district, which roughly comprises all these areas, is in excess of \$26,130,000.

It is almost impossible today to think of Carmel without considering these areas. Life between them is intertwined. The sanitary district extends beyond the corporate limits. The unified school district covers a large area, and three of the district's four schools are actually outside the village boundaries.

With young couples settling in and around the village, building their homes and producing offspring, Carmel is rapidly becoming a town of children, something it never was before. Mawdsley remembers when his first son, born in 1922, was the only baby in Carmel. The district's enrollment as of October 1955 was 1,081, according to Superintendent Stuart Mitchell. October 1954 it was 974. It is estimated that half of the children come from homes inside the village limits, the others from the unincorporated areas.

An accurate count of the population in unincorporated Carmel is impossible at this time. The Pacific Gas & Electric Company has no breakdown for customers in the various suburban areas, though it counts over 2,700 customers within the village limits. The Pacific Telegraph and Telephone Co. lumps all the Carmel exchange together—there are 6,356, about 400 more than a year ago—and can only hazard a guess that about half of them are in the city proper. Of the phones, 4,786 are residential, 1,570 business.

There is little indication that Carmel proper, whose boundary lines are still the original ones of 1916, will annex any outlying area in the near future.

The outlying areas have made no definite proposal to join Carmel. There has been no application for annexation so far, and a good deal of talk against it, both inside and outside the city. In Carmel's Council no one has yet gone on record for annexation.

Carmel Unincorporated, of course, has considered the possibility of annexation, but so far the drawbacks of such a step have outweighed its advantages. Unless there is a bad fire, the outsiders feel they are better off.

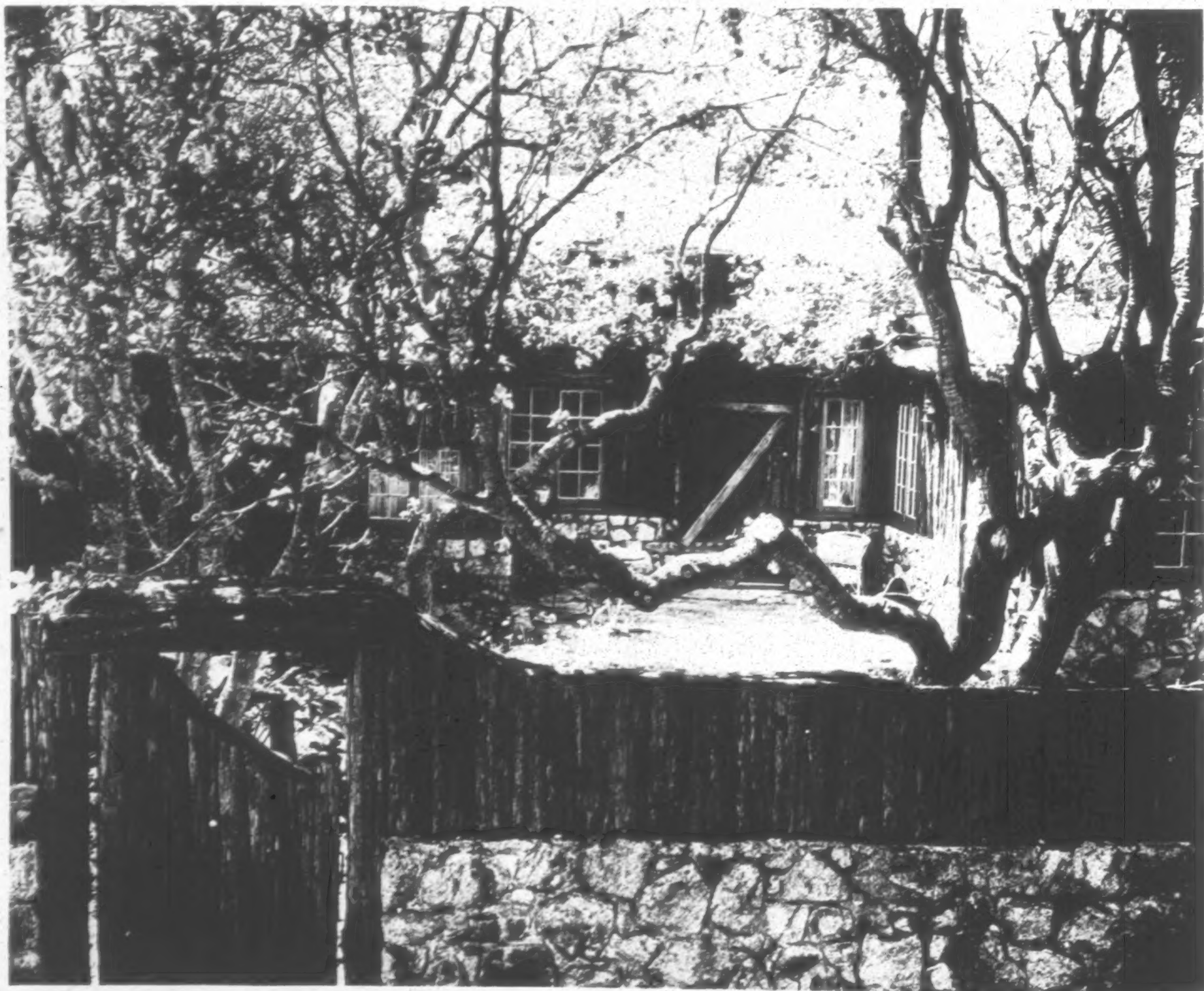
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HARRISON MEMORIAL LIBRARY was built in tile-roof Spanish style popular on the Peninsula in the 1920's.



JUNIPERO STREET. Photo by Steve Crouch



A CARMEL COTTAGE,
Photo by
Wynn Bullock

THIS IS CARMEL

(Continued from preceding page)

Taxes in the unincorporated area range from \$3.74 to \$4.40 per \$100 assessed valuation, while in corporate Carmel taxes total \$4.83. Outsiders, who can today build homes in a wide range of styles and materials, would further be bedeviled by many building restrictions which, had they been in effect in Carmel's old days, would have prohibited erection of a good third of the structures standing in Carmel today.

The unincorporated areas theoretically suffer from lack of police protection—a sheriff's patrol car comes by about three to five times a day—but there is no crime. The unincorporated areas, however, are dependent on the Carmel Hill Station of the State Department of Forestry fire service, and it's a long way from there to south of the town or part-way up the valley.

The present trend indicates a stacking of interlocking governmental bodies taking over the functions normally exercised by a city. Sanitary and school districts are superimposed, covering varying areas, and an eventual recreation district would pose the same problem.

Incorporation is definitely an issue.

The cultural life as well as the business life of many residents of unincorporated Carmel revolves around the village.

Everyone, sooner or later, comes to Carmel from surrounding areas if for no other reasons than to sit on the beach, go to the movies, listen to a concert at Sunset auditorium, perhaps attend the Bach Festival, go shopping, look at the paintings in the town's three art galleries or attend one of the amateur productions at the outdoor Forest Theater or the new theater-in-the-round at the Golden Bough Playhouse.

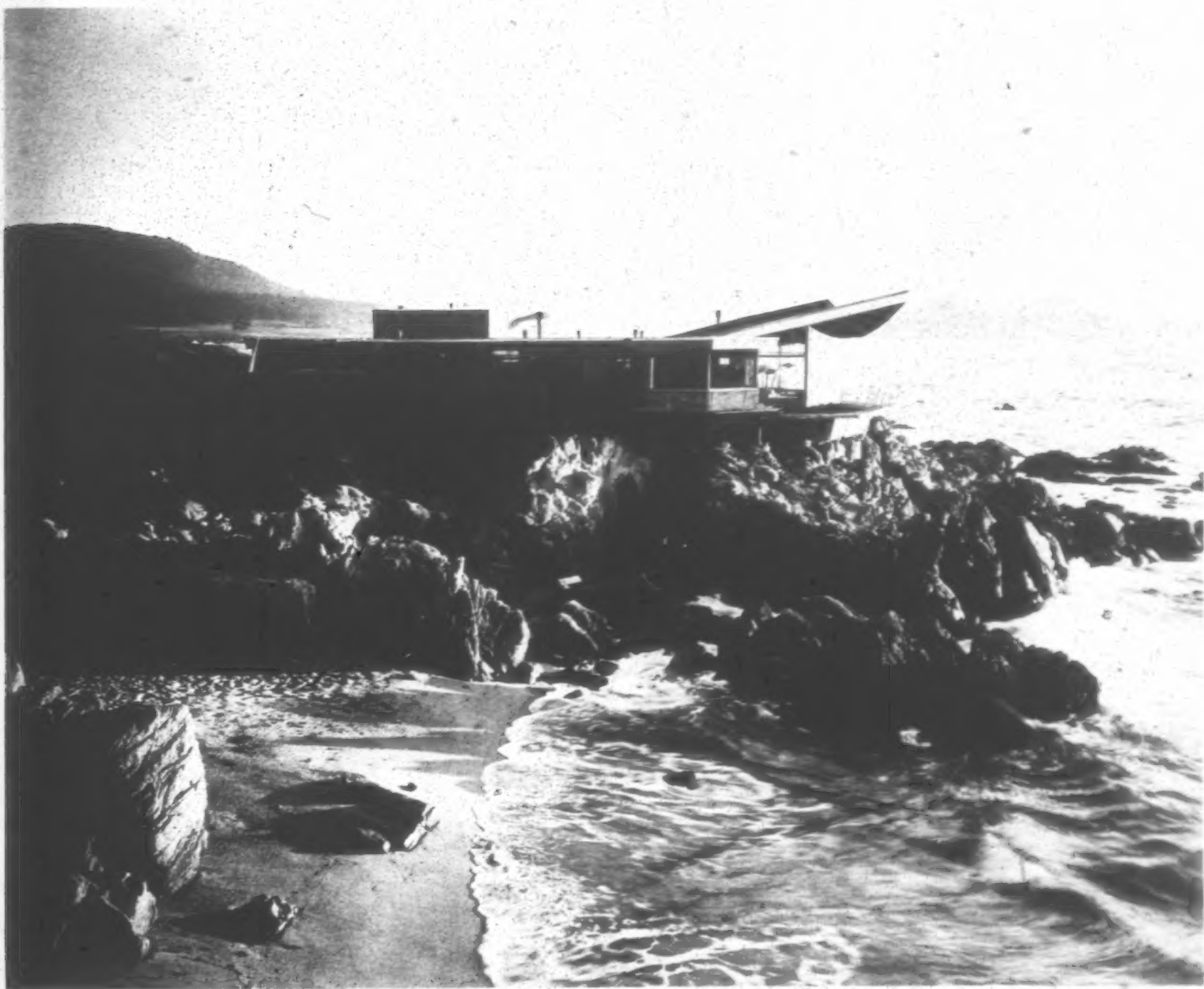
Art galleries and amateur theaters are, of course, strongly in the Carmel tradition.

Herbert Heron, later mayor of Carmel for two separate terms, founded the Forest Theater in 1908, and started the Carmel Shakespeare Festival in 1926. He again revived it last summer after several years' pause. Edward Kuster, a lawyer from Los Angeles, quit his practice in 1919 when he was 43 and designed

(Continued next page)



ROBINSON JEFFERS' Tor House. Photo by Marge Cain



MODERN CARMEL POINT HOME.
Photo by Wynn Bullock

THIS IS CARMEL

and built the Golden Bough Playhouse. Kuster subsequently studied direction with Max Reinhardt in Germany, made the playhouse here world famous.

The first Golden Bough theater, eventually the first theater in the country to show movies in the "art theater" way, (coffee instead of popcorn), burned down in 1935. Kuster then bought the original Arts and Crafts Theater, founded by Perry Newberry and Alfred Burton years before, from the so-called "Abalone League," and turned it into the second Golden Bough Theater. It also burned down, in 1949. A production of Siefried Geyer's "By Candlelight" had preceded both fires.

The quality of today's local amateur productions may be below the standards of Carmel's golden age, as some old-timers claim. But, in recent months, the Golden Bough Players under the direction of Lee Crowe and Charles Thomas have achieved thespian competence beyond the range of most amateur theaters, and it's doubtful that local theater was ever better than it is at the Golden Bough today. Other amateur groups, occasionally springing up in the village, are a different story. Most flop immediately. A notable exception is the Forest Theater Workshop, a fairly new group that is trying not commercial but experimental theater and may turn out to be a good school for amateur actors in this area.

Outsiders, possessed of experienced critical discrimination, are occasionally appalled at what sometimes passes for art or theater in Carmel, a community of no mean cultural pretension where they expect to find consistently professional standards. Fact of the matter is that Carmel, though blessed with much talent, is also cursed with much mediocrity.

This mediocrity is encouraged by Carmel's peculiar capacity for transcending the big fish in the little pond routine. It has the trick mirror talent of making a tadpole appear a whale, and, as a result failures from elsewhere, not just the little stuff, sometimes succeed in somehow cornering big local reputations.

Despite its generous quota of artistic phonies and/or mediocrities, however, Carmel may boast without fear of contradiction that it has more successful creative talent per square foot than any other small town in the country.

Carmel and its immediate environs are the home of Poet Robinson Jeffers, Painters Patricia Cunningham, Leslie Emery, Armin Hansen, Linford Donovan; Sculptor Clancy Bates; Cartoonists Eldon Dedini, Bill O'Malley, Vaughn Shoemaker, Hank Ketcham, Jimmy Hatlo; Authors Ernest K. Gann, Howard Rigsby; Photographers Edward and Brett Weston; Architects Jon Konigshofer and Mark Mills, and many other nationally known "names" in the arts and crafts. Bing Crosby and Greer Garson have homes on Pebble Beach, spend part of the year on the Peninsula, are often seen on the streets of Carmel.

In addition to the accomplished, of course, Carmel teems with young talent in the arts. But there is little future for the promising youngsters here. Many of them—the weaker—are condemned to squander their talents on the temptress of artistic conversation. They stay, and eventually become Carmel characters.

The stronger often leave after a period of disillusioning apprenticeship. They find that, at this time at least, Carmel is a fine place for the already successful, but a place that's almost impossible to become successful in.

It would not take much to make Carmel a true art center. An annual art festival, open to outsiders as well as local artists, might do the trick, offering—as it would to the young—an opportunity to vend their products on a free market place of taste that would attract art lovers from all over the nation.

The presence of the famed is, to some extent, one of the tourist attractions Carmel has to offer in addition to quaint cottages, specialty shops and a cypress-studded water front.

Carmel people manage to act quite blasé about their celebrities, including visiting movie stars, but take every opportunity to point out people in the limelight to visiting firemen.

Carmel frowns on the tourist, yet makes a good share of its living from him. Some store owners admit that 50 percent or more of their sales are to visitors, and if that is the case, it is also an economic fact that without tourist money coming in many of their other sales—to local people—could not take place.

It is not easy to be a shopkeeper in Carmel. To cater to the tourist a merchant feels he has to carry unique merchandise. As long as there are only a few shops, that's fine, but with as many shops as exist in Carmel today, many merchants find competitors carrying the very same merchandise they thought they purchased as unique.

The competition in some fields is terrific as indicated by the number of business licenses listed by Larry Rose, Carmel's young and energetic recently elected City Clerk.

There are 47 apparel shops, 33 gift shops, 28 arts and crafts establishments that do retail selling. There are 46 hotels, inns and lodges; 30 restaurants.

There are also 14 businesses handling horticultural supplies and services; seven shops selling jewelry, silver and clocks; six shops selling sporting goods, pets and toys. (There is, incidentally, also one fortune teller.)

Shopkeepers complain today that the tourist is not spending as much as they used to. Some say that the average tourist, in the late 40's, spent around \$8 each sale and that today the average tourist only buys 85 cents worth.

This may be so—an indication of the times—but there is little to substantiate these figures in the sales tax returns which cover all retail sales except food and gasoline. These returns, according to the City Clerk's office, show a steady increase since they went into effect in the December quarter of 1951.

As indicated by sales tax returns, the total net taxable sales in Carmel in the fiscal year 1954-1955 were \$9,335,502 as compared to \$8,756,904 in the previous fiscal year, a 6.5% increase.

The September quarter of 1955, the quarter that reflects tourist trade more than any other period of the year, showed up for taxable sales of around \$3,000,000 which was about \$400,000 higher than in 1954.

But this is a long way short of what tourists really spent in Carmel since accommodations are not part of the retail tax picture, and food and gasoline aren't either, and yet these are the items that tourists spend most money on.

The high sales tax return brought the city \$10 tax per capita in 1952, compared to \$4 per capita State average. Mawdsley figures that five sixths of the tax comes from the pockets of outsiders, only one sixth from local residents.

Its high tax income enables Carmel to spend a good deal of municipal money. In the year ending in June 1953, for instance, Carmel spent \$82,051.66 on road improvements. This expenditure, of course, included gas tax money from the State.

Indicative of the amount of local activity is also the Post Office volume. Postmaster Fred Mylar announced that gross receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1955, were \$169,887.48.

The surprising thing about Carmel's Post Office gross is that nearly \$70,000 of it was clear profit, amazing in view of the fact that nationally the Post Office Department shows a deficit.

The local Post Office, almost bursting at the seams, feels that some day it may have to violate the time-honored Carmel custom of no postmen. It may start delivering mail in the business district.

That Carmel people, or at least some Carmel people, have plenty of money to spend is obvious. Their standard of living is generally high; the average cost of a home in Carmel is \$20,000.

Foreign travel is an indicative luxury item. The travel agencies of Margaret Peasley and Phinney-McGinnis report that in 1954 and the first part of 1955 they have arranged trips to Europe for 208 Carmel people, trips to Latin America (including Mexico) for 87, trips to the Far East for 33, trips to Hawaii for 162, trips to Alaska for 37 and trips around the world for 14.

In 14 months that's 541 people going to faraway places; figuring the overall Carmel population at about 12,000 that means, on a year's average, one out of 28 residents going abroad. If this average applied to the whole country, it would mean that nearly 6,000,000 Americans went abroad in 1954, paying their own way, which wasn't so.

Carmel can still be a cheap place to live. Although real estate began to skyrocket after the war—a 2-bedroom house on Casanova sold for \$4,000 in 1945, \$8,500 in 1946 and \$14,000 just a year later—some cottages are still available for very low rent, say around \$50 a month—although most rentals run in the \$100 bracket.

With everything concentrated in a small area, there are no transportation costs. And dress is unimportant. When a guy is too broke to buy a new suit, he simply becomes a character. All this makes Carmel very attractive for people who like to take it easy, make a minimum of money and still live the good life.

Most Carmel homes, built on 40 by 100 lots, are two bedroom and two baths. The late Hugh Comstock had the biggest influence on local architecture. His is the famed Carmel cottage. He designed the Tuck Box on Dolores Street, but that was before the war. After the war, he went in for post-adobe which became especially popular in the outlying districts where there was still room to build.

Architectural standards in Carmel are hard to define. The planning commission okays houses that look like they belong in Carmel. The best way, architects found, to get a modern building



CARMEL'S HISTORIC MISSION. Photo by Wynn Bullock

through was to dress up their rendering with knickknacks.

Finicky Floyd Adams, the village's building inspector, okayed permits for 30 new homes and three residential buildings in 1954. He also okayed 90 remodeling jobs on homes, 18 on commercial buildings. Building expenditure in the village in 1954 totaled \$770,765.

Back in 1908, when Heron first came to town, lots in Carmel sold for \$150. Lots today go for at least \$3,500, and the last waterfront lot sold for about \$9,000. There are just a couple of waterfront lots left now.

Heron, in the early days, had the chance to buy the southeast corner of Ocean and San Carlos, where the Standard Oil Station is, for \$1,000. He passed it up. Today, the corner is valued in excess of \$100,000.

The valuable downtown property, where rents range from \$100 to \$450 for offices and stores depending on location, size and friendship, is owned by a few families.

The largest real estate holdings belong to the descendants of Tom Doud, wealthy Monterey cattle rancher; Mary Goold, descendant of the old Carmel Mission Machado family and widow of Charles Goold, one-time councilman and livery stable operator; the Mary Dummage estate, and members of the Leidig family, Robert and Fred.

Corum Jackson, 59, jovial community big wheel and prime mover in matters civic and business, has been in the real estate business in Carmel for 18 years. He feels that the Carmel business district will keep on developing but that the mode of life in

Carmel will remain the same.

"Of course," he says, "They'll gradually sneak in a street light here and there. The trouble is that everybody comes here because they like it the way it is, and once they've settled down they want to make changes."

Carmel, Corum Jackson thinks, can keep on doing fine and even better, without radical changes. Like other far-sighted businessmen, he believes that the Carmel area, as the whole Peninsula, will some day be the bedroom for executives and white collar workers from the industrial area that will develop in all probability around Moss Landing.

"Even if the fish come back," says Jackson, "the fishing fleet won't come back to Monterey. It will go to Moss Landing."

That's why, Jackson says, the Monterey Peninsula Convention Bureau is hot stuff. The bureau has booked 15 conventions for this year and next. Figuring on a 300-person average with each convention visitor staying three days and spending \$25 a day (the national average is \$27), this will bring \$337,500 in new money to the Peninsula.

Says Jackson:

"Economists figure that new money brings 20 times its amount in turn-over. Figuring it conservatively—only 10 times—this meant \$3,375,000 new spending power.

"You can figure that a fifth of this will rub off on Carmel."

Carmel, which is not participating in the convention bureau, is, therefore, apt to benefit in spite of itself.

One thing that may stop Carmel's benefit from anything is

(Continued next page)



CARMEL WOODS School.

THIS IS CARMEL

(Continued from preceding page)

the parking problem. With little room to park in the business district and the ever-present threat of a ticket, generously dispensed by the Carmel Police Department, visitors are increasingly discouraged from shopping here.

If the parking problem is not solved, and it is not solved by ticketing shoppers and tourists, the time may come—and sooner than most would think—when shopping centers will mushroom outside the village limits, say at the mouth of Carmel Valley near the booming Mission Tract, and draw a good deal of business away from Carmel.

Someday, as the Peninsula grows in population, there will be such shopping centers, but Carmel can remain in a competitive situation if it finds a solution to the congestion problem.

A partial solution could be a project that has now been in the air for about a year: to build a shopping center on an acre-and-a-half site on the southwest corner of Ocean and Junipero. This center would offer parking facilities for an estimated 120 shoppers, according to the first tentative plans.

Most of the property is owned by Mrs. Leslie Fenton. The San Carlos Canning Company has about a third of land involved, and unless the Fentons, who are interested in building the shopping center, can get together with the other property owners the project will inevitably fall through.

Another shopping center is now under construction on Junipero near Sixth Street.

But, even if this project and other projects along similar lines should succeed in Carmel, a retail business district alone—no matter how successful—does not make for a community of vitality and progress.

Although Carmel is an ideal place for youngsters to grow up, opportunities for them, once they reach maturity, are extremely limited. Most kids leave after graduation from high school to invest their energy and talents elsewhere.

The eventual consequence of such an exodus of youth are obvious.

Despite such drawbacks, the leisurely pace of Carmel life as it is lived today offers a unique experience in our hurried world, an experience from which many people are willing to trade the practical expediences that make for the super-efficient existence of the mid-20th century. . . .



CARMEL'S popular Bulletin-board.



SUNSET SCHOOL.



CHURCH OF THE WAYFARER

THIS IS BIG SUR

There are men who love mountains. There are men who love the sea. There are some men who love both, separately, which is easy, and some men who love both, together, which is something that they cannot help and which is difficult because loving both together is like living through a terrible affair of passion where two people love each other much and fight each other much

got its name. It's an elastic name. On maps Big Sur is merely the community around Pfeiffer State Park. But common usage has the Big Sur country stretching from the mouth of the Little Sur River down to Slate's Hot Springs, 15 miles south of the park, and as far on either side of the road as roads or trails or your tired feet will carry you. Some people even figure that the Big Sur

from it, and in the narrow canyons that cut inland between these mountains, there live altogether perhaps between 200 and 300 people.

Electricity came to the Big Sur only five years ago, and today the Pacific Gas & Electric Company counts 121 customers between Palo Colorado and the Hot Springs where their lines dead-end. There are a dozen telephones



Photograph by BRETT WESTON

but cannot let each other go.

Such is the union at Big Sur.

There, south of Carmel, the mountains have wed the sea.

The Big Sur River, Sur meaning south and big meaning big, spills into the Pacific Ocean about 20 miles south of Carmel. Both Big and Sur are comparative terms. The Spanish originally called it Rio Grande Del Sur because it was termed big presumably because it was bigger than the usually quite narrow Little Sur which empties 16 miles south of Carmel and which the Spanish called Rio Chiquito.

It is from these rivers that the surrounding country

country starts up around Palo Colorado, a lush redwood jungle canyon 11 miles south of the Peninsula where Rufus the Mountain Lion Killer even today hunts the big cats with a .22 rifle. And they figure it stretches right on down the coast to Lucia Lodge, fully 51 miles south of Carmel.

This elasticity does not matter. Lililan Bos Ross, a novelist ("The Stranger" and "Blaze Allen" both best sellers about the Big Sur country) who herself lives in the heart of the Sur, once wrote that the Big Sur is not so much a country as a state of mind.

Along this overwhelming coast and on the up-to 6,000-foot high Santa Lucia Mountains that rise steeply

in the area, mostly pay phones and official phones in the park as well as some at some of the hostleries, but it is all toll service straight into the Monterey exchange. D. D. Mui, regional manager for the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, has engineers down there now surveying and he says chances are good that the Sur will get its own dial office in the near future.

Thus civilization is now coming to the Big Sur in a big rush, as it has come to most of America's primitive areas, and if progress is what you are looking for, you can marvel at the fact that just 25 years ago it took a man with two good horses and a light spring wagon 11

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BIG SUR

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hours to make the trip from Big Sur to Monterey, 15 hours with four horses and a lumber wagon. The trip was made along the old wagon road, parts of which are still in existence today. Cars could also go over this road. Sometimes they made it. Sometimes they didn't.

Mrs. Hans Ewoldsen, postmaster at Big Sur ("They don't call us mistresses any more") and descendant of the area's oldest family, figures about 200 people in her immediate bailiwick. About half of these are permanent residents. That means they stay year in, year out, and most of these have built their homes with their own hands. The other half stays a while, a few months, a year, perhaps two, then leaves.

This permanent and semi-permanent community is not as closely knit as one would tend to believe. In the early days, of course, when neighbors depended on each other for survival, when survival was their common interest, it was different. But then, somehow, a few decades ago the community fell apart. Although everybody knew each other, there was little feeling of closeness, cooperation and interdependence.

When the Grange Hall was built a few years back, this looseness tightened up again, and today there is again more closeness and community spirit and cooperation. As in any community there are, naturally, factions and personal dislikes, but in the overall everybody gets along and works together, certainly more so than in bigger and better-organized communities.

The permanent and semi-permanent residents of Big Sur make up an amazing potpourri. They include a few descendants of the original settlers, the Pfeiffers and the Posts; a few old-time families like the Trotters and real old-timers like P. J. Smith who came first in 1902 to peel tanbark for the G. C. Notley Company in Partington Canyon.

They also include some well-to-do retired people, some Sunday ranchers, a great many creative people and even more hangers-on, drifters and first-rate third-raters in the arts and crafts. It is the congregation of these people that has made the Big Sur famous and fashionable with the Bohemian crowd. They drift in from all over. Some can take the country. Some can't. Some really serious workers, like Composer Harry Partch, find it so overpowering that they cannot work and decide to leave. Others find, on arriving in the Sur, that they have come to their true home. And they can work. These people include controversial author Henry Miller, 63, most of whose books are banned in this country and whose general reputation still suffers from the lurid stories once told about him in the press as an advocate of free love and vehemently articulate objector to the restrictions of modern society.

Says Miller about his life on Big Sur's Partington Ridge:

"It takes a certain discipline to live up to this paradise here. It's something that commands you. Either you live up to it or it rejects you and sends you to a purgatory.

"You've got to live here in a spirit of serenity, peace and equilibrium . . . in an attitude of prayer and thanksgiving, surrounded by this immensity.

"You can't let yourself be let down because you have problems like other people. After all, they have nothing to compare with all this."

Others who, like him, find that they can work and live in the Big Sur, living up to the immensity around them instead of fighting it, are people like Sculptor Harry Dick Ross and his wife, Novelist Lillian Bos Ross; anthropologist Maude Oaks; Author and Diplomat Nicholas Roosevelt; Sculptors David Tolerton and Gordon Newell; Painter Emil White; Poet Eric Barker and an artist named Emile Norman who very successfully makes plastic mosaics that sell like hotcakes at 5th Avenue prices.

The very immensity and overpowering strength of the landscape that the true creative people of Big Sur find either their strength or their failure in, combined with

the remoteness from tightly organized society, makes possible a free life that can lead to imbalance and excesses as well as creativity and hard work. Big Sur, a rare haven for non-conformists of both the constructive and unconstructive kinds, has thus also attracted a lot of people who talk earnestly about doing creative work but rarely get around to it, being too busy living a modern version of artists a la Rousseau's nature boys. There are also a number of outright bums, mostly the charming kind, who admit freely that they are out for the free, easy and uninhibited life they can still live at Big Sur. They get along on odd jobs. (Says Shawn Mallory, a good looking, charming and well-spoken young man who has both muscles and brains but prefers to live by the former: "I'm not going to pretend to be an artist. I'm just a bum and like it." Right now he is working hard in timber on top of Partington Ridge.)

Unofficial headquarters for the Big Sur's Social Life is Nepenthe, a spectacular restaurant in a spectacular setting. Nepenthe, owned by Bill and Lolly Fasset, was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright student Rowan Maiden adjoining a cottage once owned by Orson Welles in which the Fassets now live. A tale has it that Welles and Rita Hayworth honeymooned there, but fact of the matter is that the amazing Miss Hayworth never set foot there and that Welles was there only briefly when he first bought it.

Since Nepenthe (from the Greek meaning something like "island of no sorrow") was opened in 1949, other movie stars, however, have passed through in droves, as well as plenty of celebrities in all fields of endeavor, for Nepenthe has become one of the showplaces of the West Coast. Steaks cost \$5.50 and other prices correspond, but beer in pitchers still comes cheap enough (\$1.50) so that Big Surites can afford to come. This adds immeasurably to the atmosphere of this fabulous joint as, at night, the kids, some in bare feet, dance wildly to folk tunes and good modern music by the light of an open fire; presenting a gaga-eyed tourists a picture of paganism; whirling fire worshippers on a terrace several hundred feet over the Pacific. Nepenthe's closing of an open fire; presenting to gaga-eyed tourists a picture on Hallowe'en night to which people flock from all up and down the coast. At the 1954 closing, a young artist couple from La Jolla showed up as Adam and Eve. They were dressed in fig leaves, and they danced decorously and beautifully in the flashing firelight—now where else in the U.S. of the 1950's would that be possible in public?

The artists and pseudo artists and their kindred souls and friends generally help each other in many ways. And theirs is the closest knit life of the community, although the privacy of each individual is well respected.

Mrs. Helmuth (Grandma) Deetjen, who runs the Big Sur Inn a mile or so south of Nepenthe with her wiry Norwegian husband, is always the first to help out. The bulky woman, reigning from her chair in the back room of the Inn, gives everybody the benefit of doubt, and when they come in and have no place to stay she lets them sleep in the goat house. Currently five would-be Big Surites, vagrants of the vagabond kind, are under her roof.

The next helper is Ed Culver, the star route mailman who has serviced Big Sur for 27 years. Ed Culver is also a grocery clerk and he carries many artists on his victuals cuff for long periods of time—sometimes forever. He also maintains liaison between the far-flung residents, carrying verbal messages along his official route. Ed will carry a message from Post Eric Barker who lives at the Little Sur River, to the Morgans who live below the Hot Springs, saying Eric won't be able to make it for dinner that night. He might then carry a message back saying: "Okay, Eric, make it Tuesday of next week."

Eve, wife of Henry Miller, has had a sort of creative kindergarten going at home on Partington Ridge. Ed picked up the youngsters on his way down, delivered

them at the Miller house, then picked them up again on his way back.

Cooperation extends even further than that. Surpluses are distributed to those who need it. If somebody has more abalone than he can eat, he'll share the catch with his friends. Venison is shared, as are occasional leftovers from Nepenthe or artichokes that Howard Welch has scrounged up in the fields south of Carmel. Such donations are usually deposited in the various mailboxes along Culver's route.

The housing situation is unusual. There are the rich landowners, the independently wealthy Partington Ridge group, the Innkeepers, the renting artists and drifters. Between the Little Sur River and Lucia there are a dozen or so rented houses. Some of them are quite primitive by modern realty standards. The rents range from \$10 to \$25 a month, and the houses are much in demand.

If a resident leaves the Sur, there is always someone ready to take the house over. This is not a planned system, it just works in this manner. There is, of course, a sort of screening process. The permanent residents will talk over the assets the newcomers might bring to the Sur, and if it is generally agreed that they have some creative ability or even think in some creative line, there will be a general move to find a place for them to live.

As for buying property, that's a different story. These days you can figure that an acre of Big Sur land costs about \$1,000, but land is rarely for sale. Right now, there is just one steep home site left on Partington Ridge (at \$1,000 an acre); Partington Cove is for sale for about \$30,000, we understand, and some property is available below Deetjen's, two "homes" on 10 acres, for \$10,000. That's about all at the time of this writing.

Even if an acre could be obtained for \$1,000, it would cost at least another \$2,500 to make part of it into a home site, grubbing the brush, bulldozing, drilling a well. And living at the Sur, unless you are of the artistic variety mentioned above, is not cheap. You may save on clothes, but groceries run higher because they have to be imported, or else you have to import them yourself, and you can figure five bucks for gas and oil and wear and tear on a drive to and from town.

According to the tax collector's office, the total assessed valuation of the Big Sur area is \$506,770, and that naturally includes hostleries which account for most of it. If you add the Palo Colorado, it's another \$675,370, but that's mostly summer homes of people in the Central Valley and doesn't as a whole fit into the Big Sur state of mind and life.

In the summer, of course, the character of Big Sur changes somewhat because of the deluge of tourists. The population of the area grows by leaps and bounds as the season approaches.

Pfeiffer State Park alone can accommodate up to 1,000 campers a night, and the lodges and motels and cabins along the highway, as well as some private campgrounds, can bed another 350 or thereabouts, and they are usually full up in the summer.

There is the Ripplewood Resort, Crawford's River Inn, Redwood Lodge (in the rear of which open-air religious services are held during the season), Post's Rancho Sierra Mar, Walker's campgrounds, the Big Sur Inn, and a new resort, Glen Oaks. The swankiest of the establishments is the Big Sur Lodge, run by concessionaires in the State Park. It can accommodate 175 people, is open from May 1 through the middle of October. Rates, European plan, run \$6 to \$10 a day for two, which is about the range of all Big Sur establishments.

As the popularity of the Big Sur with tourists increases, private enterprise is constantly adding new accommodations to meet the increased demand. The State Park, however, has just about reached its limits for present facilities.

The Park statistics are staggering:

262,895 visitors were logged in 1952 by the ranger's

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BIG SUR's controversial writer Henry Miller and his wife, Eve. Photo by Wynn Bullock.



SCULPTOR Harrydick Ross (above) works in sunny patio of his home in Big Sur. Garrapata Beach (below) ten miles south of Carmel Highlands. Photos by Brett Weston. Above left, Big Sur's "Ma" Deetjen.



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office; 382,121 in 1954, and by August 28, 1955, the eight-months total already stood at 348,086 (as compared to 296,064 for the same period in 1954, thus promising a new record year in a series of record years.

Of 1955's visitors an estimated 75,000 to 100,000 have been campers, providing further testimony of the new national pastime. Camping in the park costs \$1 per vehicle a night, but it's so crowded and the demand is so great that during the summer usually only people showing up before 7 A.M. can find a vacant camp site. The park turns away an average of 100 campers a day.

Camping, which is considered roughing it even with the modern conveniences most campers carry nowadays, is a far cry from the rough life of the men and women who first settled on the site of the 680-acre State Park and the country to the north, south, east and west of it—west of it, yes, that too, because the 17-year-old State Park is in the Big Sur Valley at one of the few places where Highway 1 briefly meanders inland through the shade of the redwoods from the exposed and rocky coast.

The first white settler on record in the immediate Big Sur area was a gentleman named Davis, believed to be a relative of the Hudson family of Monterey. At about the same time Captain John Cooper took possession of a

Spanish land grant of nearly 10,000 acres to the north and ran cattle on it. Cooper's land grant was the Rancho El Sur at the Little Sur River, and the rancho is still in existence today. It is the only large property on the Sur coast still its original size.

Early this year, Rancho El Sur was sold by Harry Hunt of Pebble Beach to Cortland T. Hill, grandson of James J. Hill, Canadian Pacific and Great Northern railroad tycoon, for a cool \$900,000. Cattle are still run on the property, and the owners and their guests come down occasionally to hunt and fish.

Davis eventually sold his cabin, and perhaps some land bordering on what is now the State Park, to a family of Indians from Ventura. The head of that family was Emanuel Innocenti, a vaquero employed by Cooper on Rancho El Sur. The Innocentis raised seven children. All died of tuberculosis in their teens.

The first white settler whose descendants still live in the Big Sur was Michel Pfeiffer. He came in 1869. He and his family settled at the mouth of Sycamore Canyon near what is now called Pfeiffer Beach. The beach, often uncomfortably windy but nonetheless one of the loveliest along the coast here, was Pfeiffer property, and it is still in the clan today. Visitors, however, have access to the beach. The current owners of the Pfeiffer homestead, Mrs. Kate Dani and the Alvin Brazils,

charge 50 cents per car admission which, considering the magnificence of that beach, is more than fair.

In an unpublished manuscript written laboriously by hand several decades ago, Mrs. John M. Pfeiffer, daughter-in-law of Michel, has recorded the early days of the Sur as she learned about them from talk in her husband's home. Mrs. John M. Pfeiffer, now widowed and 84 years old, is still alive. Mrs. Ewoldsen is her daughter.

In her family history, Mrs. Pfeiffer tells of how Mrs. Innocenti came to visit the Pfeiffers about once a year ("I have come to see my white sister," she used to say) and brought gifts of vegetable seed or flowers. "She came afoot, climbing the mountain between Sycamore Canyon where a truck road is now, keeping along the top of the mountain side because it was more open country and not so much danger of meeting a bear or mountain lion." The young Pfeiffer boys, well able to read spoors, soon discovered that Mrs. Innocenti walked barefoot most of the way, carrying her shoes, then stopped to put on her shoes shortly before arriving at the Pfeiffer homestead. She took them off again on her way back home.

Mrs. Innocenti was well advised in her efforts to avoid bear and mountain lion. Although wildlife is still plentiful in Big Sur and the big cats still roam and kill today, there were many more of them then, and the bear

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FOG invades coastal farm lands. Photo by Wym Bullock.





OLD RANCH HOUSE of homesteader William Bernard Post.



MAIL BOXES list distinguished residents. Left, Nicholas Roosevelt, author, diplomat, at work in his Partington Ridge home. Photo by Brett Weston. Below, Wynn Bullock photographs sunset on the rugged Big Sur Coastline.

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were not just black and brown bear, but the huge and powerful grizzly.

"A lion," Mrs. Pfeiffer wrote, "is rather timid, but very bold when driven by hunger." Grizzlies were bold, hungry or no. And they were powerful: "The bear's method was to slap an animal (beef cattle) on the side and knock it down, the blow being so heavy the ribs were usually crushed inward; then the bear tore open the abdominal cavity and ate the fat off the stomach first, next the brisket was eaten, always the fattest portion consumed first. If dirt was scratched over the kill, the bear expected to return for another meal."

The Pfeiffers lost plenty of cattle that way. For years they tried vainly to cope with the grizzlies. Often they were near giving up. Then someone told them how to get rid of the powerful invaders:

"It was to take the fat from the stomach and intestines of a freshly killed animal, make it into a ball as big as two fists, in the center of which was placed a certain amount of strychnine, the ball of fat to be hung from a branch-oak, preferred because of the outstretching branches and high enough so it was beyond the reach of dogs..."

The oak trunk was smeared generously with fresh fat, and the bear was soon attracted by the odor of the new kill "and soon licked off the fat, still smelling the fat and being hungry it did not take them long to find the hanging ball of fat, and since, while standing upon their hind legs they have a long reach, they got the ball of fat and it was hastily consumed."

And that's how the Pfeiffers and other settlers got rid of grizzlies. None remain today as far as anybody knows.

But nothing was easy in the Big Sur of that day, which is not so long ago, and few things really are easy today for those who live there. Skunks were a menace to the Pfeiffers because of their chickens. One day, Michel Pfeiffer's wife heard a racket out in back and arrived in time to see a skunk menace her fowl.

"She grabbed the skunk by the tail, called for the ax and held the skunk against the tree while one of the boys quickly cut its head off. Held in that position it could not throw its scent and so the chickens were saved and no disagreeable odor," wrote Mrs. John Pfeiffer in her succinct, pre-Hemingway prose.

John M. Pfeiffer, who died in 1941 at the age of 79, left his parents' home when he married and settled on a 160-acre tract on the present site of the State Park. The government gave him homestead title. The going was rough for the young Pfeiffer and his wife. They raised most of what they needed; went to Monterey along Captain Cooper's cattle trails and wagon trail that meandered along the coast north of the Big Sur. There was no way to

go south.

In Monterey they exchanged butter, eggs, chicken, quail, venison and sometimes livestock for sugar, salt, flour and other needed staples.

Once Pfeiffer and other men were driving hogs from Rancho El Sur to Monterey. Evening came, and a settler along the route invited them to stop and rest and eat of the venison he had hung in the back of the house. "Now driving hogs is about the hungriest work a man can do, and this was over such rough country and mostly afoot. It was dark when they arrived, a fire was soon made outside, the coffee set to boil, some steaks cut from the hanging meat and broiled over the open fire."

The men found the meat tough and a little strong. But they ate heartily, then bedded down. In the light of the next morning they found they had eaten off the carcass of a mountain lion. The venison hanging next to it was untouched.

Mountain lions were a constant threat. One day John Pfeiffer, out on trail, killed a deer late in the evening, trimmed it and hung it up in a tree, taking out part of

the liver for his supper. After eating he put his blanket roll on the ground just at the foot of the tree where the deer was hung.

"He was soon asleep and didn't waken until the pigmy owls began to call early in the morning awhile before daybreak. When he let down the deer he was surprised it seemed so light in weight. You can well imagine his surprise to find both hams stripped of all the meat. A lion had climbed the tree and had a good feast while he slept."

One wonders what may have happened to John if he hadn't had a supper ready for the hungry cat. Such was life in the Sur just 50 years ago.

The Pfeiffers were first in the immediate Big Sur area. And their name will live on in the area because John M. Pfeiffer saw to that. In the 30's he sold 760 of his acres to the State for the State Park, donating half of the purchase price that was set at \$250,000 on the condition that park would always bear his name.

But south of Big Sur, the first white settler came already in 1874. He was Mr. Partington whose steamer, Ventura, was wrecked south of the Big Sur mouth. He saw the tanoak and the timber and decided to stay.

In the Big Sur, the Castros were the next settlers. They came in '76. And the following year William Bernard Post started homesteading on top of the rise where the highway climbs out of the Big Sur Valley to the south. The Post ranch, most of which is still in the hands

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of the family, encompassed 1300 acres. The Castro ranch, to the south of it, covered 600, is now partly owned by Chuck Fuller of Carmel. Deetjen's is also on former Castro property.

Post took an Indian wife from Carmel Valley, had the first school and the first post office on his property. His original homestead still stands. It was recently repainted and redecorated, and his grandson, Bill Post (named Joseph William like all Post first-borns) lives in it now with his wife. Bill's sister, Mary, and her mother, Irene, run Post's Sierra Mar a little way up the road from the homestead.

Of the original large properties only the Rancho El Sur, the Post ranch, the relatively new 1200-acre Boranda tract and the 8000-acre John Nesbitt ranch to the south of Partington Ridge remain, and half of the Nesbitt ranch was sold last year to two King City cattlemen.

The Posts, and later the Trotters—a family of extremely strong and able men—figured in the ranching, timbering and homesteading years of the Sur.

In 1902, Joseph William Post, father of Bill and son of William Bernard, built Partington Landing so ships could take out the tanbark. The trail to the landing included a 1,000-foot tunnel through rock, and it was used only in that one season. That year, with Sam Trotter bossing a 40-man crew, brought out about 10,000 cords of

bark up to five inches thick from the Partington land. It was the heaviest bark with the greatest contents of tannic acid ever harvested in California, according to old-timers.

The Trotter brothers are Big Sur's most legendary figures, although Jaime de Angulo, a Castilian Spaniard who let his hair grow long, gives them strong competition. De Angulo lived way on top of Partington Ridge and was possibly the most brilliant man who ever lived in the Big Sur. De Angulo was a physician from Johns Hopkins who did not practice but instead collected Indian lore, was a linguist, ethnologist and anthropologist. He let his hair grow down to his shoulders, would welcome friends one day, chase them off his property the next.

The Trotter brothers are more predictable. They are the largest and strongest men in the country and stories of their feats are incredible. Sam Trotter said that on Saturdays he whipped all his boys "just to keep them in shape."

There is a huge chest in the Log House at Nepenthe that 10 men could not budge. The Trotter boys put it there and then built a log house around it.

Once, when the boys were working for rancher Ralph Newell, Mrs. Newell whipped up a large batch of hot cakes to feed the men. Frank Trotter finished off

the entire first batter. Mrs. Newell whipped up another batter which Walter Trotter engulfed. Ralph Newell got the leavings.

Stories like this are born and grow up real easy around the Sur. The country and its people are tailor-made for them.

There is the sign on the door of Benny Bufano's studio, it reads: "Back in 30 minutes—Benny." He hasn't been there for four years. Amazingly enough the studio is left open and inside are hundreds of dollars worth of carving tools protected by a sign that says: "He who steals from Benny steals from humanity." Not one tool has ever been touched.

There are stories about the "Hindus," a group of artistically inclined people who started practicing some mysterious religious rites in a Big Sur cottage two years ago, shared wives and swapped them, ran about with long hair and wreaths of roses around.

Big Sur's "upper crust" on Partington Ridge has never participated in such shenanigans.

The Partington Ridge people are hard working people, friendly to outsiders but mostly living constructive self-contained lives.

First home on the ridge was that of Nick Roosevelt. He built it in the early 40's, used it at first only for vacations. Then the Rosses came, who started building in 1947, and rapidly the settlement grew. ♦♦♦

BIXBY CREEK empties into the Pacific Ocean about 12 miles south of Carmel. Photo by Brett Weston.





LONE CYPRESS on Midway Point, Seventeen Mile Drive. Photo by Julian P. Graham

PEBBLE BEACH -- KINGDOM OF PLENTY

A Yale football captain turned eleven square miles of virgin forest and sand dune into the golf capital of the world.

He discovered it on a horseback ride.

That was in 1915. The husky gridiron star was Samuel F. B. Morse.

He decided then and there that the Del Monte Forest and the Peninsula as a permanent seat for "class living" had barely been touched.

Morse, grand nephew of the telegraph inventor, partially derived his interest from the fact that he had been called in by the Pacific Improvement Company, catchall corporation for the fabulous Big Four of western development to see what could be done about the Monterey Peninsula. The Big Four included Charles Crocker, Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington and Mark Hopkins.

Under Morse's guidance this wild kingdom of plenty has come to have an assessed valuation of \$6,600,000 on the County tax rolls. This figure, at best, is 40 percent of value. Even this is regarded by some realtors as a short yardstick of its actual value.

The forest has 550 homes, owned by a wide range of

celebrities and blue bookers.

An average of 4,000 cars pass through its four toll gates each day to visit its 140-room Del Monte Lodge and shops, its three championship courses, two country clubs, and boys' school, Robert Louis Stevenson. In addition it has a gigantic sand plant well hidden in a remote section of the forest.

Today thousands visit Pebble Beach alone to traverse its 17-Mile Drive (actually 9.8 miles), to see its wild coastline, picturesque Cypress trees, witch and ghost. But in 1915 it was another matter.

The 7,000 acres of the Monterey Peninsula, purchased by Crocker in 1879 at \$5 an acre to augment the success of the Southern Pacific spur line south of San Francisco, was not doing so well.

Even the fabulous old Hotel Del Monte, built as the most fashionable hotel in the West complete with polo fields, race track and other items to attract the carriage trade, was being hurt by the war in Europe.

Morse did two things—he brought in a first class manager for the hotel (now the Navy School) and then turned his attention to the untouched forest.

He re-routed the 17-Mile Drive, picked up the deeds

to choice Pebble Beach waterfront lots. One such site was the present site of Del Monte Lodge. It was then the site of a Chinese fishermen's village. He also rushed construction on the Pebble Beach Golf Course and the Lodge.

In a short time Morse became an influential figure on the Peninsula. In fact, one night the Monterey City Council met and decided to reform the city boundaries excluding the Hotel Del Monte and other East Monterey lands from the city limits. The property was not re-annexed until after the old Hotel Del Monte was sold in 1948 to the Navy.

By 1919 the property was so healthy that an eastern syndicate offered \$1,200,000 for the property. Morse figuring if he was good enough to run it for somebody else might as well do it for himself, got the backing of Herbert Fleishhacker and other San Francisco friends and purchased the holdings for \$1,300,000.

The company was renamed Del Monte Properties. Morse, president and chairman of the board, today is still its major stockholder.

Morse, in developing the area, soon added two more
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SEALS CAVORT on the Seal Rocks which can be seen from 17 Mile Drive.
Photo by Julian P. Graham

PEBBLE BEACH

golf courses, Cypress and Monterey Country Club, and by 1929 Pebble Beach was used for the National Amateur Open Championship. Later, when the Del Monte Hotel was sold to the Navy for \$2,149,000, he added some more rooms to the Del Monte Lodge and a shopping center and sought to have it re-capture the carriage trade calendar of the other hotel. In addition the Pebble Beach Road Races were promoted, another step in attracting the "right people."

Through the years the development in Pebble Beach has been a unique, threefold, real estate resort augmented by an incongruous but profitable sand plant. The sand plant is credited by company officials with pulling the properties through the last depression.

Pebble Beach has been called a feudal estate. This is actually an inaccuracy since few of its millionaire and other residents could be called slaves.

Del Monte Properties does, however, own its own roads, demand a toll of visitors and a fee of residents, to keep them up. Morse rules on all buildings and additions. He had managed to keep the area in the County, permitting a lower tax rate to property owners than urban areas of the Peninsula.

Although all property developments are ruled on,

Morse does not require a rigid form of architecture as "long as it is harmonious to the region." And it must be said that, unlike many real estate developments, Pebble Beach under his leadership has preserved its natural beauty.

This area's architecture includes the Byzantine mansion built by Mrs. Templeton Crocker, 48 columns from 32 countries and 17 rooms. The house cost \$1,000,000 to build.

The George Harts, who owned it until recently, added a swimming pool and beach of radiant sand. The area's architecture also ranges to very modern as depicted by Movie Director Robert Buckner's guest house.

Today, at 70, still ramrod straight, Morse maintains: "Frankly, I was glad to see the canneries go. The Navy School and its type of people is worth much more to the Peninsula. People who talk about turning the canneries into factories are talking through their hats.

"The Peninsula's future lies in further development as a recreational area and making it a cultural center. Any industry brought here should be in the nature of main offices of insurance companies or publishing houses."



S. F. B. MORSE



THE CROCKER MANSION, 17 Mile Drive. Photo by Julian P. Graham

THE DEL MONTE Kennel Club's Annual Dog Show (photo above by Wynn Bullock) and the Bing Crosby Open Golf Tournament attract many visitors to the area. The Pebble Beach Course (right) is considered one of the most difficult in the world. Photo by J. P. Graham



The Story Behind the Salinas Lettuce Kings

A GAMBLER'S



You're sitting across the desk from a man who has made \$20,000 a day, lost \$20,000, sometimes more, sometimes less, after day after day, and did either without blinking an eye.

He is a Salinas lettuce man, a produce tycoon, a guy who has refrigerator cars full of potential salad across the country the way a Reno craps shooter rolls his dice across green cloth.

Unlike the craps shooter, the lettuce man has some control over his passes. But only up to a certain point. Beyond that point he is at the mercy of factors beyond his control: supply and demand, the weather, incipient decay. If his numbers come up right, he makes a pile. If they don't he craps out.

Let's call him Peter Smith. There is no lettuce lion in Salinas named Peter Smith, but the handle will do for a composite, representative type whom we'll make the hero of this true story. The big Salinas produce men have names like Ken Nutting, Bruce Church, E. E. Harden, Bud Antle and E. M. Seifert. They all have shared the experiences of our hypothetical Pete Smith.

Pete's office is roomy, well-furnished, but unpretentious. It's solid and hard and matter of fact, with just a few sentimental touches here and there, like honorary plaques and framed photographs and old brand labels. Just like his business is. Pete's desk is cluttered with market reports. There is a telephone, a most important tool in his business: his PT&T bill often runs over \$20,000 a year. His office staff is small. The over-all effect is clean, efficient, but small-time. You wouldn't think that profits and losses are reckoned here in hundreds of thousands of dollars, sometimes even millions. Pete's come up from the bottom and he hasn't had time to put on airs. Sure, he's got a nice home and drives a Cad. But that's as far as it goes. Most of his money is working. It's in chips.

And his bets are down.

At the height of the season, when the game is in full swing, when the play is committed and there's no backing down, Pete lives through rushed, nerve-wracking days, weeks on end. Everything moves with rocket speed. Last spring, one of the worst on record, when fate scratched somewhere between six and eight million dollars in Salinas lettuce bets, Pete lost "over \$100,000 before I could even start to put the brakes on."

On such a hurried day in harvest season (there are three a year in the Salinas-Watsonville lettuce bowl—spring, summer and

fall), Pete gets up at 3:30 A.M. By the time the sun paints the valley with misty, yellow, gentle streaks, he is out in the fields. He's making sure that his foremen are cropping the right acreages. "I can't," he says, "afford to take losses because of other people's mistakes." He has a second breakfast at 6:30. Then he goes to his office. He spends all morning there, usually hanging on the telephone, talking to produce brokers and receivers all over the country, keeping track of railroad cars and trucks full of lettuce that he has sent, wheels spinning, all over the nation in the search of a market that'll give him a profit, help him to break even, or at least get him back part of his investment.

In the afternoon, he's in the field again, keeping in touch with his office by radio telephone. After dinner, it's back to his headquarters. Some of his most important telephone calls are made between 9 P.M. and midnight. Those are the hours, what with the world a wheeling ball of fate, when the produce men in the East and Midwest get down to business. New York's Washington Street wakes up at midnight. That's 9 P.M. here. Washington Street quickly clogs with trucks and cars, so tightly wedged sometimes you can't cross from sidewalk to sidewalk, and the brokers, receivers and wholesalers start to do business with the goods that will feed the metropolis that day.

Supply and demand. Bid and ask. Prices are set. Pete's on the phone, trying to peddle his lettuce which peddle he must, for New York is about the end of the line and lettuce is perishable.

As the hours pass, and the sun moves ever westward over the American scene, Pittsburgh, Detroit and Chicago wake up and get down to business. Pete hangs on the phone as long as necessity dictates. Then he finally goes home to catch a few hours sleep. The next day is the same. You'd think he'd have ulcers. You're right. He's had them. But he's got over them. "I've had to learn to turn my back on the business," he says.

Pete's business starts long before his salad reaches the market places of this country. He is a grower-shipper. There are also growers, who only grow; and shippers, who harvest and ship. But most of the big men and big outfits, like Pete Smith, are grower-shippers, who do both. There are about 75 grower-shippers in the Salinas-Watsonville area, the majority of them handling lettuce among other produce, and some of them are

mighty big outfits. The biggest, most stable and most important include the Bud Antle Co., Farley Fruit Co., Garin Co., Growers Produce Dispatch, Harden Farms, Holme & Seifert, K. R. Nutting Co., Merrill Packing Co. and Peter A. Stolic Co.

Pete owns some acreage, but most of his land he leases. These leases are for several years. But he doesn't plant lettuce on all his fields every season. Land south of Gonzales is good only for the spring; so is land around Alisal: it's too hot in the summer and fall there, so he plants beets maybe, instead. Some of Pete's land is premium land where soil and weather conditions are most favorable. But not all of it, by a long shot. He leases the best land he can. Premium land is hard to get. The law of demand and supply starts right there.

At any rate, Pete's got a fair share of the 71,751 crops acres that were devoted to lettuce in 1955 in the Salinas-Watsonville area, some good, some excellent, some mediocre, some bad. Spring is always the heaviest lettuce time here (last year 30,347 in the spring as compared to 21,828 in the summer and 19,576 in the fall) so there's a lot of planting going on by stages.

Land rentals run up to \$125 an acre a year. After the land's leased, Pete starts putting down some more chips for land preparation, plowing, harrowing, fertilization, seed, irrigation, cultivation, hoeing, thinning and insecticides.

By the time his lettuce is ready for harvest, he has invested between \$230 and \$275 in each acre. If he were only a grower, he would quit now, cash in or cash out, and leave all further gambling to the shippers. Being a grower-shipper, however, he puts down some more chips, and starts harvesting as his fields mature.

His additional investment is now about \$1.00 for each carton of lettuce, which includes harvesting, packing, hauling, loading and cooling. A carton may contain anywhere from 18 to 30 heads of lettuce, depending on their size. The average is 24. That is known as the "popular" size. When an acre produces 350 to 400 cartons it's considered a good yield. But he may find himself with less or with more, depending on the weather and on blight.

Assuming now that Pete's growing investment came to \$275 an acre, and that—for the sake of mathematical simplicity—his

CHOICE

by G.S. Bush

yield was 275 cartons per acre, he now has a \$2 investment in each carton, \$1 for growing and \$1 for harvesting.

(Let's digress here for a moment and consider the impact of the Salinas-Watsonville area on the nation's salad eaters. With 71,751 acres in lettuce, the region produced more than 515 million heads in 1955. Not all of this was harvested, however, as we shall see later. (The area's lettuce investment, incidentally, thus totaled around \$40 million.)

The lettuce is packed, cooled, ready for sale and shipment. What happens now?

Take a day when Pete harvested 15 railroad cars capacity. He had to harvest it that day. Lettuce can't wait. A railroad car holds around 640 cartons. So, that day, Pete's crews have packed 9,600 cartons, harvesting some 30 acres.

Pete's bet that day is for \$19,200.

A receiver—meaning a broker, acting for Eastern interests—takes a look at the lettuce. Here the possibilities, as at every step in the lettuce game, become manifold. The receiver may buy all the cars. He may buy some of them. He may buy none of them. He may offer more than a \$2 break-even price, or offer less. It all depends on supply and demand.

But this day now is an average day in the lettuce business, and that means a buyer's market, and the receiver takes only a few of the cars, say five. That leaves 10 on Pete's hands. They've got to be moved! And in a hurry. Some lettuce may last up to three weeks, but most will start deteriorating after ten days.

So now Pete increases his bets.

He's gambling that market conditions will change within six days.

He calls Southern Pacific. "I've got ten cars for Chicago," he says. And his ten cars are hooked on a long, 100-car produce train, and the train moves east, making regular stops for re-icing and salting. Pete's cars are scheduled to reach Chicago on the morning of the sixth day.

The freight and refrigeration charge runs about \$1 per carton to Chicago (about \$1.25 to New York plus 15 cents for "cartage," much of which goes to Joe Pope's Teamsters Local 202), and Pete now has a \$3 bet on each Chicago carton.

If the market improves, he may get his investment out and even make money. But it can also happen, and often does, that there is no market in Chicago at all, and by telephone he directs his cars to be moved to New York. The investment is now \$3.40 a carton, and Pete's got his fingers crossed real tight. Chances are slim now that he'll get his money back, but maybe he'll at least make the freight charges, he hopes.

Well, by the 9th morning, his cars get to New York. A broker is willing to take the lettuce. The market for the grade Pete has to offer is \$2. Pete's lucky, this time. His freight's paid for, and he gets back 60 cents a carton on his growing and harvesting investments. He's lost only \$15,360 that day.

It could have been worse. He could have sold only part of the lettuce, dumping or abandoning the rest to the railroad; or he might have had to sell for less than the freight charges, and have to put up additional money to make up the difference.

Pete recalls a bitter day—one of many—when he had to abandon all his cars. He had 20 cars that day, and no buyer for them in Salinas.

"I shipped them to Seattle," he says, "hearing that the market there might improve. Others heard the same. The day my lettuce arrived in Seattle, 150 other cars and 50 trucks arrived as well.

"So I diverted my cars to Butte, Montana. All the other shippers did the same. Butte was glutted. No sale. I ordered the cars moved to Minneapolis. Again, so did everybody else. When my 20 cars arrived at the Minneapolis terminal on the 11th day, the jig was up. The lettuce had to be dumped, a total loss all the way."

Naturally, it isn't always like that. Or else Pete wouldn't be in business any more.

The summer of 1955, when Salinas lettuce "was like gold balls"—hot weather having destroyed Eastern crops—the situation was reversed. Instead of Pete hanging on the phone, trying to find customers, he was phoned to and stampeded in person by receivers and brokers. Every head was sold before it left

Salinas, and sold at high prices, sometimes close to \$4 a carton.

The summer crop was terrific in quality and quantity, which almost always go together because conditions favorable to one are favorable to the other, and some of Pete's acres yielded around 500 cartons. This brought his investment to around \$1.50 a carton. It left a unit profit margin of close to \$2.50.

Thus, on 15 cars, Pete made \$24,000 that day. And it was just one fine bank-account-swelling day among many, many in a row that bountiful, beautiful summer of 1955.

Yes, last summer was a honey. It more than made up for the disastrous spring that preceded it, a spring when the Salinas lettuce men would have been better off if they had disced up all their acres, confining their losses to the growing investment.

For some of the smaller men, the summer didn't pay off: a number of marginal operators didn't have enough money left to gamble on the summer harvest after their spring losses.

But, for Pete and the other big ones, the summer, in which 14,448 carloads and countless truck-loads of lettuce were shipped out of the Salinas-Watsonville area, was a Godsend. Yet Pete, and the others, would have been better off if the year had stopped right there. Because fall was a loser again, if not as heavy a loser as spring, and over-all 1955 turned out to be a deficit year on lettuce.

The two prior years, 1953 and 1954, had been profitable lettuce years, but not immensely so. 1952 was a loser and 1951 a winner, and 1950 was truly bad. The worst year since the war was 1948. But there were real good years, too.

Altogether, you may wonder how men survive in the lettuce business when bad and mediocre years seem to outnumber the lush ones. One reason is that when times are good they are very good, and another that the men in the business love the business heart and soul, because the early years, when they went into it with very little money, were mostly good years, and in those years the business made them what they are today: big men.

There is another reason, too. That reason makes Pete and the other lettuce lions look less like gamblers than they appear on the surface. It is that the produce business includes many other crops besides lettuce, and growing and shipping this other produce—like carrots and beets and celery and beans—the produce potentates hedge against their lettuce losses. Thus, a bad lettuce year does not necessarily indicate a loss year: other crops usually make up for the lettuce deficit. Peculiarly enough, carrots constitute an important hedging factor these days. It seems that carrots are always good when lettuce is bad. And vice versa.

And so, while lettuce is certainly the dominant crop in the Salinas-Watsonville region, it is not the decisive one alone. Apart from how it affects the lettuce men, it doesn't actually have much influence on the economic life of the area. There are about 3500, sometimes more, native and native migratory workers employed in the business, plus several thousand imported Mexicans, and these men and women, in packing plants, carton factories, cooling plants and some in the fields and on trucks, are called on jobs and get their pay regardless of how the harvest turns out in the end. Last year, though a lettuce loser, was the best year in Salinas' economic history and unemployment was at the lowest point ever.

Although they do not ordinarily affect the economic life of the region as a whole, tough times in lettuce, when they hit, tumble many a marginal and incautious grower, and they often hurt the bigger ones. And it is an irony of the lettuce business that often, as Pete says, "you lose most when you produce best, because the best crop means the highest yield and that means over-production."

Lettuce men, however much they may denounce one another when competition grows hot, stick together in the face of adversity. Growers, on the verge of bankruptcy, are often helped by their fellow grower-shippers. And no strings attached. There is one veteran lettuce man in Salinas who today even finances young and small companies so they may get a start. There is no interest squatting on the loans, and if the young folks don't make it, the old man takes the loss as part of the game. This sugar daddy is Bruce Church.

Personal contact, personal likes and dislikes, faith in other men until they are proven dishonest, play a great part in the

lettuce business. When the market is good, there is no selling to the highest bidder: once the prices are established for the various grades there is no haggling, and the lettuce men sell to those receivers who have stood by them and bought from them in the lean times.

Where, indeed, is another business in which so much faith is placed in man that deals, amounting to many thousands of dollars, are completed over the telephone with people 3,000 miles away whom the lettuce man has never heard of? These deals involve not a scrap of paper in evidence, making a law suit impossible. Yet, on the basis of a brief telephone call, a grower-shipper will consign many carloads of lettuce to a distant point, placing his faith in the good will and honesty of the guy he's just talked to.

Of course, the receivers better live up to their telephonic word. News gets around fast when they don't, and they'll never do business with Salinas again. There is a "Blue Book" listing the established receivers, indicating not only their credit and financial standing but also their character.

Credit is something, however, that lettuce men ordinarily would pay little attention to. It's a bank term, and bankers are not the friends of lettuce men.

Banks, being cautious, are of a different breed from the produce gamblers. They are of different mentalities and never the twain shall meet. Never indeed, for lettuce men, while they may borrow on their tangible assets and their real estate and crops that will keep, like beans, may not borrow on lettuce. There is no credit on perishable commodities. If a lettuce man needs money to see his crop through, he must get it from private sources, or raise it on other assets. Usually it's other lettuce men who jump, understandingly and sympathetically, into the dollar gap.

Problems facing the Salinas lettuce industry today are many.

One insidious problem is that of the mid-Century trend toward consolidation. Rugged individualists, consolidation goes against the lettuce men's grain to start with. But the problem extends beyond the basic, psychological bias. Like other businesses, produce receivers are merging and consolidating. This is having its economic effect. Fewer, bigger buyers (mostly for chain stores) are beginning to dominate the market, and big buyers have the tendency to establish the price.

Another Salinas area problem is its distance—expressed economically in freight costs and the possible deterioration along the long way—from the Eastern markets. Much of the nation's lettuce now comes from around Phoenix, Arizona; and even in the Texas Panhandle men are starting to raise lettuce.

So far, the Texas Panhandle is an empty threat. Weather has been adverse, and the crops have been bad, if not ruined. The three or four California lettuce men who have enlarged their interests to Texas have been sorry for it. One has gone broke. But a good Panhandle season could raise hell with Salinas.

Monterey County's lettuce men are further handicapped by the fact that their costs for everything—including labor—are higher than elsewhere. About 20 per cent of the Salinas-Watsonville outfits have partially compensated for this—at the same time adding a winter season to their lettuce operations—by going into the lettuce growing business in the Imperial Valley, and at the end of the Salinas fall season a general exodus, especially of labor, takes place.

Many of the local lettuce men, about 20 to 25 per cent, have even extended their operations to Phoenix whose early spring crop, when it is delayed, can be extremely competitive with the Salinas spring harvest. That's one of the things that hurt last year. The Phoenix crop came later than usual, and the Salinas Valley crop matured all at once, and in a 20-day period, instead of the usual 45, Salinas had to get rid of its ripe lettuce while Phoenix supplied the country's markets at the same time. So much of Salinas lettuce was not even harvested.

Now what of all this, the local salad eater might ask, strikes close to home? Take the salad eater on the Monterey Peninsula. How come he pays as much for lettuce as consumers elsewhere?

Pete says this is how it works:

Guys called "gunnysackers"—men who have stitching machines—contract to harvest a certain acreage for a grower. These gunnysackers pay maybe \$1.00 for a field crate, rarely over \$1.50. They bear the costs of harvesting and packing and transporting the lettuce to the local markets, like on the Monterey Peninsula.

The gunnysackers get maybe \$3 for a field crate which, unlike the carton, contains 36 heads. This means maybe 8 cents a head. The rest goes to your neighborhood grocer. But don't blame him too harshly for his husky mark-up. Like any other man dealing in lettuce—the grower-shipper, the receiver, the broker, the wholesaler—the grocer is taking his chances. •••



ROBINSON JEFFERS

*Who values a hawk's life more than a man's
Is not without compassion for his kind.
What grows old in the tide's long funeral
And bloodies the enduring stone
Breaks here. If you have picked up
From these wild beaches no single pebble of pity,
Blame your own nature that shrinks
From fathoms where this plummet sounds—
The sea's too deep for it.*

BY ERIC BARKER

portrait of a poet



Maybe poets don't make exciting copy, no matter how great they are.

Robinson Jeffers certainly is a great poet. One of the greatest living, in fact, as critics will agree.

But he doesn't make exciting copy, not with the kind of excitement the superficiality of a news account can dig.

He is a modest, quiet man. A shy man. Nothing splashy. No Daliesque poses. No Hemingwayan bluster. No Shawish unconventionality. He even admits to having voted Republican most of his life.

So?

You go to his house on Carmel Point, that job of native granite boulders, hidden in a forest of 2,000 trees he planted himself when he moved to Carmel in 1919. It's called the "Tor House"—because he built it on a rocky rise.

And he immediately destroys an illusion most Carmelites have: that he writes his verses in the little room on top of the stone tower that pokes out from the trees

on his property.

Not so, he says. He writes in his room in the main house, upstairs. Only his wife used to write in the tower. That's where she took care of her correspondence.

Jeffers, now 68, is a reed of a man. He looks taller than his six feet because he is so thin. He weighs 140 pounds. When he was 30 he weighed 180, but he's been losing a couple of pounds every year since.

His strong face is as lean as his body: a long face topped by colorless grey hair that used to be a darkish brown; blue eyes bleached by time, sleepy-looking eyes under folded lids; a strong nose. He wears glasses now when he reads.

His skin isn't wrinkled the way it is on the faces of most older men. It looks like pale parchment that's been smoothed out after it was crumpled.

He rolls his own cigarettes around pipe tobacco and smokes them sagging and soggy. He smokes a lot. He doesn't worry

He gets up between 8 and 9, gets himself awake with three cups of coffee and four cigarettes and starts to work.

"I sit down," he says, "in my chair and think. If you sit in the chair long enough something will come to you that you can use."

He works for three or four hours, accomplishes perhaps 10 to 20 lines of verse in that time. Then he has lunch. After lunch he used to work outdoors,

long poem about a mountain without any people in it, it would interest me but not anybody else."

This statement must not be misinterpreted. Jeffers does not write for his audience though, naturally, he likes having his poetry read. His main joy lies in the accomplishment of whatever he is working on—once it goes into print he has "no sentiment" for it and his interest in the work is then largely financial.

continuing sales that trickle on for years and years. The Modern Library sells at least 1,000 copies a year of "Ransom Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems," his first truly successful work which was published in 1925, but the sales are only worth 5 cents a copy to the author.

Jeffers' latest work, "Hungerfield and Other Poems," published like his other works by Random House, has enjoyed a good sale for a work of poetry since it



about smoking and lung cancer. At his age, he says, you don't worry about such things any more.

He is in good health, though he has a history of high blood pressure, something that kept him out of the Air Corps in World War I. He doesn't know if he still has high blood pressure. That doesn't worry him either.

His worries, concerns and interests are strictly limited and highly concentrated.

He is concerned with his work; his family—living with him are one of his two sons, Donnan, his daughter-in-law and two of his eight grand-children. And he is also concerned about the state of the world—worries about another war, unable to see how we can keep out of it since, unlike in our other wars, we are one of the protagonists, and yet emotionally unable to believe that such a horrible thing as the next war can come.

Robinson Jeffers follows a well-established routine.

now mostly reads detective novels, almost the only sort of fiction he is interested in.

"I used to read novels when I was a boy," he says. "But not now. I liked George Moore, the Irish novelist, and I liked the novels of Thomas Hardy. Moderns? I don't know. I've read some James Joyce but didn't get very far. It was very nice and interesting but didn't appeal to me very much."

What appeals to Jeffers is the narrative poem, the drama in verse, the kind of thing that he writes himself: humans and nature in action. His poetry, as everybody knows who has read it, reflects a deep feeling for nature, especially the hills down the coast.

Jeffers, who says he has never done very much in his life except to write verses, has managed to get along because he had a small inheritance and because, eventually, he did get a small income from his work.

"If I could write," says Jeffers, "a

Poetry, of course, has a rather limited audience, especially the austere poetry of Jeffers which, Brooks Atkinson has said has "relentless grandeur" and moves with "severe uncompromising style." It generally moves toward tragedy—another aspect not overly popular in our civilization. Not even Jeffers' sons have read his poetry. "I don't mind that," says the poet. "It would embarrass me if they did."

He did hit a jackpot with his "Media," a free adaptation of Euripides' drama which, with Judith Anderson as its star, had almost a year on Broadway after the war and enjoyed a triumphant tour of the country.

Another financial success may be in store for Jeffers in the near future. Another play after Euripides, "The Cretan Woman" adapted from "Hippolytus," is currently playing in New York, has gotten rave reviews and been contracted for a Broadway production.

His books of poetry have slow but

came out early last year, and Jeffers is now working on another long narrative poem, as yet untitled.

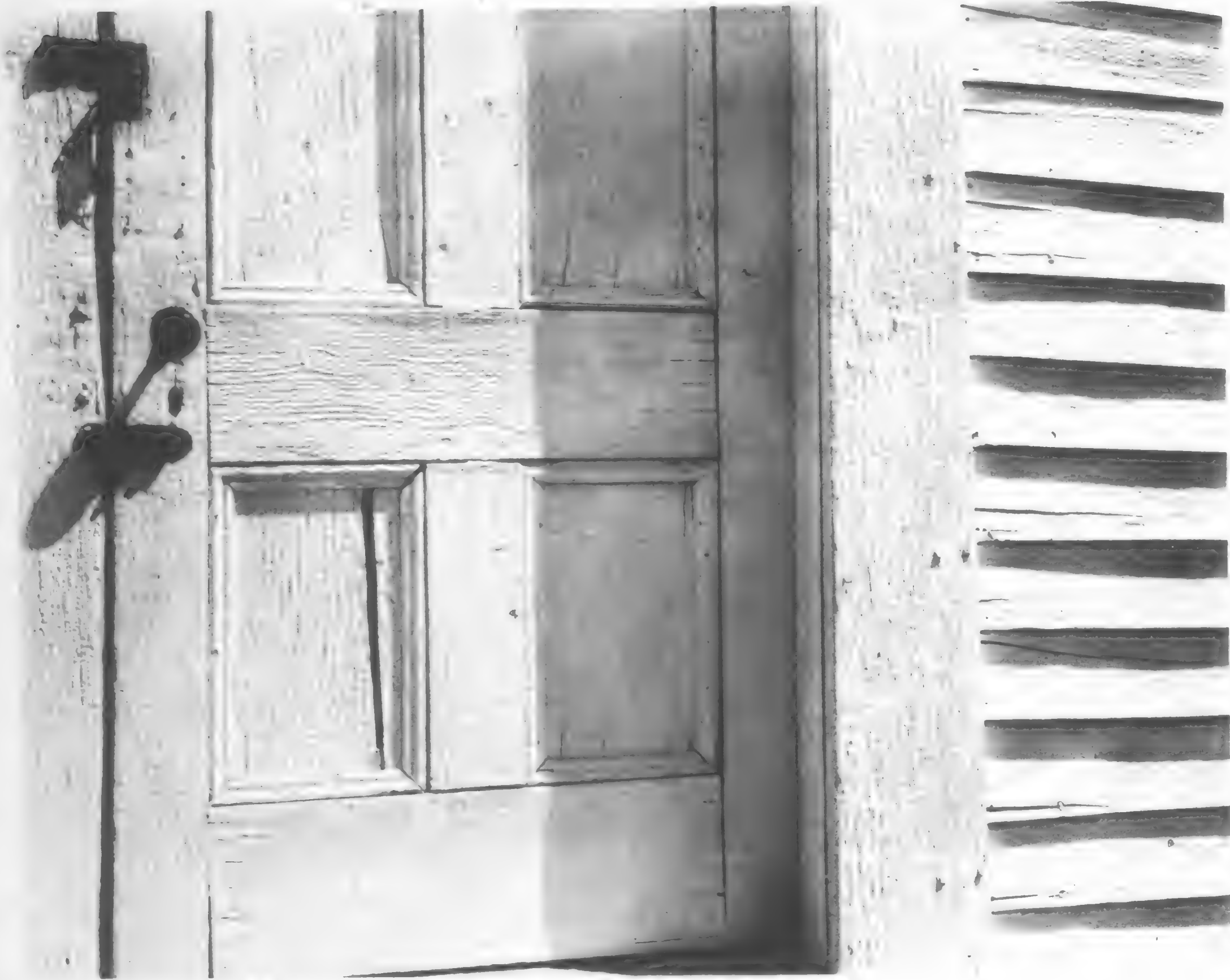
So, unlike in his younger years, Jeffers today leads a quiet, mostly sedentary life. "I've gone on strike," he says, referring to the work he used to do, building and planting, and he doesn't take the walks in the hills of the coast anymore, as he used to do.

He lives, protected by his family, in peaceful semi-isolation. His daughter-in-law, Lea, keeps out earnest young admirers who would like him to tell them how to put verses together. A great many of these come periodically and the pretty young matron's protection is necessary because the poet himself "wouldn't have the guts to tell them no" though he knows "it's no good to give them advice. Everyone has to write in his own way."

This interview was obtained before Jeffers left for a short visit to Ireland.

Edward Weston

-- A Half Century of Photography



● A couple of months ago Carmel's R.F.D. postman Jake May found a letter from France in his pouch, addressed to "The First Photographer in the World." Jake had to read no more. He knew this letter was meant for the venerable Edward Weston of Wildcat Hill.

Edward Weston, at 78, America's elder lensman, is not only one of Jake's most distinguished clients down Carmel Highlands way; he is one of the most distinguished residents of the Monterey Peninsula, one of those people whose presence in the area has helped to endow it with a reputation for being an unusual place inhabited by unusual and outstanding people.

Weston has been an on-and-off resident of the area since 1929. The coast

here has become part of his work and thereby part of America's photographic heritage. By the same token, he has become part of the coast. Nobody conscious of photography as an art form can think of Point Lobos without thinking of Weston at the same time.

Fame and greatness sometimes do peculiar things to people.

Already Weston is a legend rather than a man: he's the artist who discovered the nude in nature, the photographer who moved his camera right on top of his subject and thus bared new beauties of close-up textures in such things as cabbage leaves, eroded rocks, decapitated artichokes and assorted fragments of the female anatomy. Some people even think he's the inventor of the Weston exposure

meter—which he isn't. The similarity of names is strictly a coincidence.

His being a legend to photography-conscious people all over the world is abetted by the tragic fact that he hasn't taken any pictures for five years and probably never will again.

For the better part of a decade now Weston has been a victim of Parkinson's disease.

There is a dreadful finality about this disorder, and the man who once, as a matter of necessary routine, managed to take hand-held pictures with a good-size camera at one tenth of a second, today shakes uncontrollably at the slightest nervous excitement.

Much as he suffers from this affliction that turns the slightest movement into a

tremendous effort, Weston takes it with courage and a sense of humor. Not long ago, walking downhill with his son Cole, he couldn't stop his legs from shuffling along like those of a little automatic walking man long after he wanted them to stop. "Cole," he said breathlessly after he finally got his limbs under control, "looks like I've got to have my brakes relined."

Because of his difficulties Weston hardly ever leaves his house in Wildcat Canyon anymore. He lives on a piece of property shared by his third-born son Neil, 42, in a little rough-hewn cottage that cost him \$1100 to build in 1938. In the house with him lives a young man who cooks his meals and takes care of him. The young man, usually glommed

(Continued next page)



Photos are Connecticut farm, Weston's cats and Lake Tenaya, California. On opposite page is Coolidge Dam, Arizona.



A Half Century of Photography

from Carmel's ever-changing Bohemian population, changes every so often.

In this meagerly-furnished home Weston attends to "business." He says "It's a shame but the trouble is I've got to make my living out of photography." His living is in the sale of his old pictures. Requests come in the mail every day. But selling takes only part of his working time. The rest is absorbed in keeping his files of negatives and prints in good shape.

There are more than 500 prints—each one a work of craftsman's perfection—in the closets and cupboards of the little

brown eyes. The shack spells security for him: his life's work will not be destroyed easily.

Like any other creative person, Weston is proud of his work and likes to show it. He doesn't like to show too much of it at once, however, like the time when he "made a mistake" and exhibited 260 prints in a New York Museum of Modern Art one-man show. "That's too tiring," he says. "People get saturated."

But in the prints in his closets, the negatives in his shack, the books, folios and critiques on his shelves, lies the re-

York and San Francisco, between Shanghai and Paris.

(His one-man shows will be climaxed next year with an exhibition of 100 prints at the Smithsonian Institute. After showing in Washington, the exhibition will tour the country.)

Weston broke the ice for photographers with the Guggenheim Foundation in 1937. He was the first member of his craft to be awarded a fellowship.

He holds the unique distinction of once selling \$2,400 worth of pictures from a single sitting. The sale took three min-

to make a living.

In 1909, he was married to his first wife, Flora, mother of his four sons. Mrs. Flora Weston, a retired school teacher, also lives in Carmel. Though they have been divorced for many years they are good friends.

The Westons had some good years there, in southern California. The oldest boy, Chandler, who looks most like his father, was born in 1910. Chandler lives in Los Angeles now, is already a grandfather at 46. Brett, following in his father's footsteps as a photographer of



house. Weston's trembling hands locate them with certainty, reaching for them with nonchalance past spiderwebs that support gleaming hour-glass bodies of Black Widows. Weston does nothing about these poisonous pals. "I've lived among Black Widows all my life," he says, "and they've never hurt me."

Weston's negatives are kept in a fire-proof asbestos shack behind the house. The shack was built recently, fulfilling an old wish of the photographer. White of hair, his face unlined despite his age, the old lensman looks out on this shack with satisfaction mirrored in his clear,

cord of an outstanding life of productivity that spanned two generations—50 years.

This life, among other accomplishments, has brought these tangible achievements:

Weston has published—and illustrated—some nine books of photography, including a 1932 limited-printing collector's item, one of whose copies sold recently for \$100.

He has probably had more widely-acclaimed one-man shows than any other photographer. He's had shows just about every important place between Mexico City (where his work was first recognized) and Vancouver, between New

utes. The customer, of course, was rich. He was an oil magnate, W. A. Clark, Jr.

Weston was born March 24, 1886 in Highland Park, Illinois, son of a physician. Like most Americans he forsook his hometown in his adulthood. Young Weston started his career as an errand boy in Chicago, then moved to Tropic, California, (now called Glendale) where he began taking pictures with a postcard camera.

For the first few years he photographed everything from babies to funerals, as long as it paid. He found it a pleasant way

distinction, was born in 1911. He is now in the East on magazine assignments. Neil was born in 1914. Youngest of the boys is Cole, 37, who operates a trout farm at Garrapata Creek off the Big Sur Highway south of Carmel. He is also a good photographer, but does not take photography as seriously as his father and Brett.

In 1923 Weston left Los Angeles and went to Mexico. He stayed there for three years. It was during this time that he turned from just another photographer into the master he has been ever since. It was then that Weston focused his camera



Edward Weston, Photographer . . . photo by George Bush. Below, home on Wildcat Hill.

A Half Century of Photography

on people for unposed portraits, that he discovered patterns in clouds, rocks and still life.

From that time on, Weston worked commercially no more than was absolutely necessary to keep his family in food and himself in film, paper and chemicals.

"An artist's life is not easy," he says now, "even when he reaches the point that he is famous. When I got money the first thing I always did was pay my bills. That way I kept my credit good. I didn't eat until after I paid the bills. I always had to buy photo supplies before food—or else I'd be cut off from any sort of revenue."

Cole distinctly remembers his father's "vegetable phase." Those were the years when Weston moved his eight by ten view camera in on all kinds of edible weeds. The era produced such famous Weston studies as Cabbage Leaf, Chinese Cabbage, Pepper No. 30, Pepper No. 35, Squash, Artichoke Halved.

What Cole remembers best about it, of course, is that the family had to eat the vegetables after the photographer was through with them.

Actually Weston did not mind this much. He has always been a dietary fadist to some extent and vegetables fitted right in with the picture. Even today the photographer, who recently broke himself of the tobacco and coffee habits, credits his unusually hardy resistance to irresistible Parkinson's Disease to his preference for simple, nutritious foods. He buys raw, unshelled nuts wholesale by the

25-pound can, likes to make a meal of nuts, bananas, dates and avocados.

In 1928, Edward Weston moved to San Francisco with Brett and they briefly operated a portrait studio together. This was Brett's start in his father's business, and Edward was proud of Brett though his pride was mixed with some anxiety: he knew the difficulties of a photographer's life. Not only that, however. "I knew," says Edward, "that he would have a hard time bucking me."

Brett had a hard time, all right, especially since his style is much like Edward's, but today Brett is well on the way to becoming as famous as his father.

In 1929 Edward Weston moved his portrait studio to Carmel. "I was successful," he says. "I ate." The W.P.A. helped out a little with the eating in 1933, and then in 1935 Weston moved to Santa Monica. Three years later he married his second wife, daughter of the late Harry Leon Wilson, author of "Ruggles of Red Gap."

With his second wife, from whom he is now also divorced, Edward collaborated on one of his finest and most successful books, "California and the West." Weston took the pictures. Mrs. Weston wrote the text. The year after Duell, Sloan & Pearce published the book (1940), Weston moved once more to Carmel. He's lived there ever since.

Before illness came to the photographer his vivaciousness was almost proverbial among his friends. He was a fancy dancer who improvised for anybody willing to watch. He was the life of the party

wherever he went, and he took great pleasure in administering subtle stabs with his quietly-clever tongue.

To a publisher whose printer made the grave error of turning one of his pictures upside down, he wrote a letter of praise, commending him for the way he had handled the photography. "But why," he wrote, "was the rest of the book printed upside down?"

A woman once wrote to him concerning one of the views he had photographed in Los Padres National Forest. "Where can I buy some of that wonderful, won-

derful land?" she queried. "You already own it," he answered.

Weston's eye for form and composition is unique. Cole tells the story of how he and his father went to Point Lobos a few years ago, picture hunting. Cole framed a composition in his view plate—but wasn't quite satisfied with it. He asked Edward what he thought was wrong. Edward merely twirled the camera from horizontal to vertical. He moved it in no other way: and it became one of his most famous pictures.

Edward Weston's most monumental work—a portfolio of 12 pictures chosen by him as his best work—was published privately in 1951 at the insistence of his sons on the occasion of his fiftieth anniversary in the field of photography.

The portfolio was printed in an edition of 100 copies. This necessitated 1200 perfect, individual photographic prints and mountings. These were made under Edward's supervision by Cole and Brett, working alongside the photographer couple Morley and Frances Baer.

Twenty-six invitations were sent out, asking people to subscribe to the work. Twenty-three responded. At \$100 apiece, this covered the cost of this ambitious production. Occasional copies have been selling ever since, but Edward still has some left. Someday, we would guess, they'll be worth a fortune.

Edward Weston, who once had so little regard for some of his work that he scraped the emulsion off several of his prize-winning plates because he needed glass for window panes, has come to these conclusions, among others, about photography:

"It is the most important graphic medium of our day. It is like any other art form: it draws from your inner life. Its expression is determined by the inner life of the photographer.

"One must provision and feel—before exposure—the finished print. Developing and printing merely carry out the photographer's original conception.

"If there is symbolism in my work, it can only be the seeing of parts, fragments as universal symbols. I have had a back taken for a pear, knees for shell forms, a squash for a flower, and rocks for everything imaginable. All basic forms are so closely related as to be visually equivalent." . . .





EDWARD WESTON



Spectator-Journal Fashions for Fall

Her Highness is Serene

by Dorothy Shaftner

Fashions for Fall express the fine-lady look, polished and smooth, everything quietly in place. (The Grace Kelly look?) There is less clutter. When debating over *what* pin, *what* jewel, the idea seems to be: when in doubt, *don't*.

This new serenity is carried out with blousing, softly let out at the waist. The Empire line is strong, punctuated with soft flowing skirts for late day. To complete the picture, you will, if you can, own a soft shirt waist in pure silk. Or you will settle for Egyptian cotton or one of the synthetics.

It's almost as if in a political year the ladies have elected to play their politics a bit off stage, but potently. There is a mature, serene charm to it all which is positively captivating.

There is, to all this, an exception, which I shall call the Vampira look: a slinky, satiny late-day way of looking, which seems a bit obvious. Almost without fail in unrelieved black, it is worn with a wide brimmed black Ascot hat, sometimes trimmed with ostrich feathers.

Hemlines are more or less left to your choice, depending on where you wear them best. One straw in the wind may well be Dior's shocker: day dresses worn just eight inches from the floor. Just another whim, but Dior's whims have a way of becoming strong fashion.

BUCKETY HATS

Hats still are buckety and big, an important part of the fall scene. Instead of being invariably brow-straight, many are pulled to the side. The side-tilted beret is making a big comeback, as is the turban, high in crown and in lush fabrics.

Remember the Empress Eugenie rage? It's here again, dripping with ermine, feathers and jewels. Too dressy to be worn with anything beyond unrelieved black.

CHART YOUR COLOR

If you would say to me, "Name a color," I would say, unhesitatingly, "Black."

Black, and the way it is worn this fall is a mirror reflection of the gentle-lady trend. For it is not to be worn strictly or sharply, but with softness. There will be a flutter of cape or collar. Skirts will flow. If they are straight, then there will be blousing above the waist, often belted.

Black is everywhere and unrelieved, except for a touch of glitter, a pair of spanking white gloves.

It's a mauve year, too. And nothing is quite so serene as mauve with blue. It's a year for green and for blue—for a red that is toned down from raw scarlet. Combine any of these with black, and so much the better.

Plaids, taking the gentle hint, are muted into these soft colors with great effect. Their patterns are altered this fall, creating a real fashion innovation.

THE COVERING COAT

The black coat is back. Most handsome, and a strong competitor for almost any fur, is the black cashmere. Lined with white satin, this coat breathes luxury.

To frame a pretty face, coats are fur trimmed, deeply, richly, in lynx or fox or—news—black dyed mink.

Black mink collars punctuate many a smart suit. Then there is the dress with the mink trimmed jacket.

The cape appears with some of the coats, most lady-like style of all, queenly, in fact. Not flowing, but hugging close.

As to length—either waist or yard-long or flowing and full. Camels' hair follows cashmere as a favored fabric.

RETURN OF THE BELT

The year's smartest suit may well be belted. It may be high waisted, and its skirt may be pleated. In a few cases the jackets will be pleated in back to accentuate the bloused line.

Blousing is achieved in other cases with the draw-string waist, a hard-to-wear style because of its tendency not to stay put.

ELECTIVES: ACCESSORIES

In a precise season, a groomed season, accessories take on added importance. Jewelry is larger, worn with fine restraint. It will glitter, but seldom jangle. There is much color everywhere. And ropes of crystal beads seem quite the right touch.

Handbags are large and flat. There is a revival of interest in the fabric bag, and of course, polished leather always.

CHANGE OF PACE AFOOT

Shoes can often provide the only touch of color to an all black costume. And the colors are rich—jewel reds, greens, blues, in satins and—newly—fur felts. There is a trend for more shoe, with opera pumps again in the ascendancy.

Late-day shoes are often covered with pretend-diamonds and pearls—a bit cluttery in an otherwise uncluttered season.

And you can push those plastic cinderella shoes far back on your shelves. They never have seemed an authentic fashion to me.

For day, there is a whole range of brown, from maple sugar right down into black, and often trimmed with black. Spectators are still getting a deserved whirl. But they are spectators with a difference!

THE FABRIC PICTURE

Buck Rogers Item: paper clothes! disposable. They neither look nor sound like paper. In the dream stage now, reality later. A thought: what happens when you fall in love with a dress and can't bear to toss it into the wastebasket? But then, no more cleaning bills—no washing and (zing!) no ironing!

Again on the synthetic side, there are the fabrics that pretend to be furs—soft, deep, luxurious. They take to color excellently well. (But why bother, when they look so fine in the natural tones?)

Tweeds are good — softer, best in the new muted plaids.

Jerseys and chiffons are a natural in a gentle season. And the new wool jerseys can be washed. Jersey is effective combined with cashmere, and more effective in black.

THE SPORTS SET

The Italian influence is most evident in sportswear—in sweaters, capri pants and bulky tops.

The greatest single denominator for casual wear is the T shirt. The T shirt that went that-away: to the floor, it's a hostess gown. To the calf—it's a dress! To the finger-tip, it's a top that all but covers a pair of slim shorts. And then (it figures) there are the T shirt tights, stocking pants knitted in stretch nylon. Leotards, almost, worn with matching shoes, contrasting kilts or Bermuda shorts.

Swim suits have come along as year-round fashions, now that everyone is travelling. The T shirt influence shows up here in the knitted suits, striped, if you're brave. (and built!)

There is more cover-up with collars or halter necklines, often plunged low in back to contradict

Swim suits are without exception one-piece. Some have little skirts. Black is color-number-one. White next.

THE MALE SCENE

The Ivy-look carries over on the male fashion front.

Add a dash of the sports-car look, and you have it. There are fine poplin coats, hooded. Brass buttoned burlap jackets. These are well lined, fortunately. Corduroy jackets are carefully tailored, nothing slap-dash, leather trimmed.

Leather is used extensively in sportswear. It trims a tweed sports jacket. It combines with a knitted jacket. And there are soft, yummy leather vests.

It's the year of the big stitch—knitted sweaters and jackets with manly bulk, achieved with number ten needles.

There is heightened interest in fabrics, with the emphasis on luxury: lambs wool, cashmere, mohair, alpaca everywhere. And then there is the whole synthetic range, making it possible to wash and drip-dry suits—and not just the summer weights!

For business wear the navy blue suit has supplanted the grey flannel suit, which got to be a virtual cliché.

HERE COME THE KIDDIES

Freshest look for the young fry is the Colonial trend. Early American prints with calico patterns are used in quaint little cottons with tiny waists and wheeling skirts.

For party-going, rayon velvets seem a must, any color, just so it's red.

A real effort is being made to banish the iron as a household utensil. Cottons are coming in that need only to be washed and drip dried. More skirts and sweaters in no-iron orlon, eminently washable. Washable jerseys seen here and there, and of course corduroys, printed now. They fluff out like magic in the dryer.

School clothes are designed to make the six-year-old resemble a mite-sized college freshman, with pleated skirts, Brooks sweaters and cable stitched knee socks the rage.

Little girl coats are princess style or belted reefers, tailored with as much care as mother's. Knitted caps and hoods will protect tiny ears from winter's bluster. And the hair will be worn shoulder length or any other, so long as it shines.

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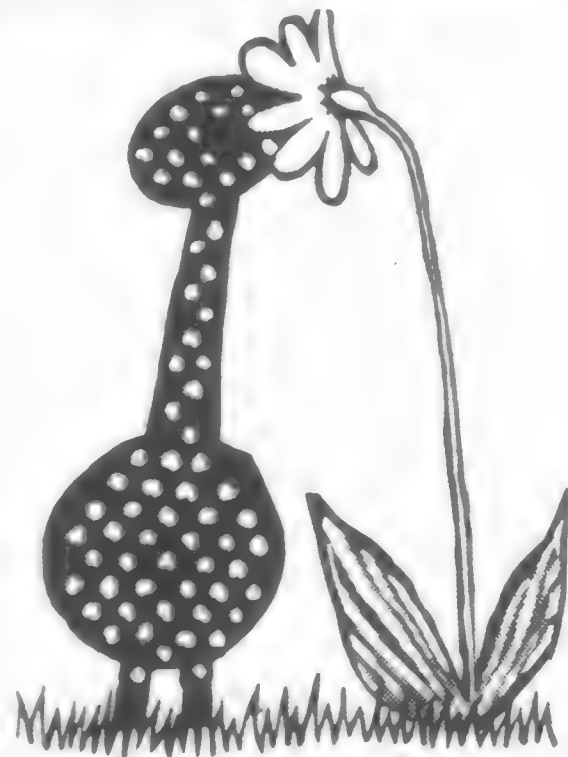
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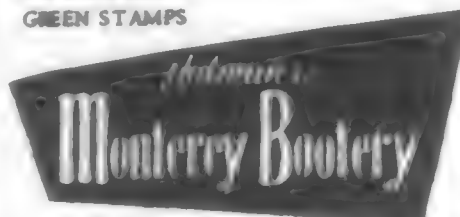


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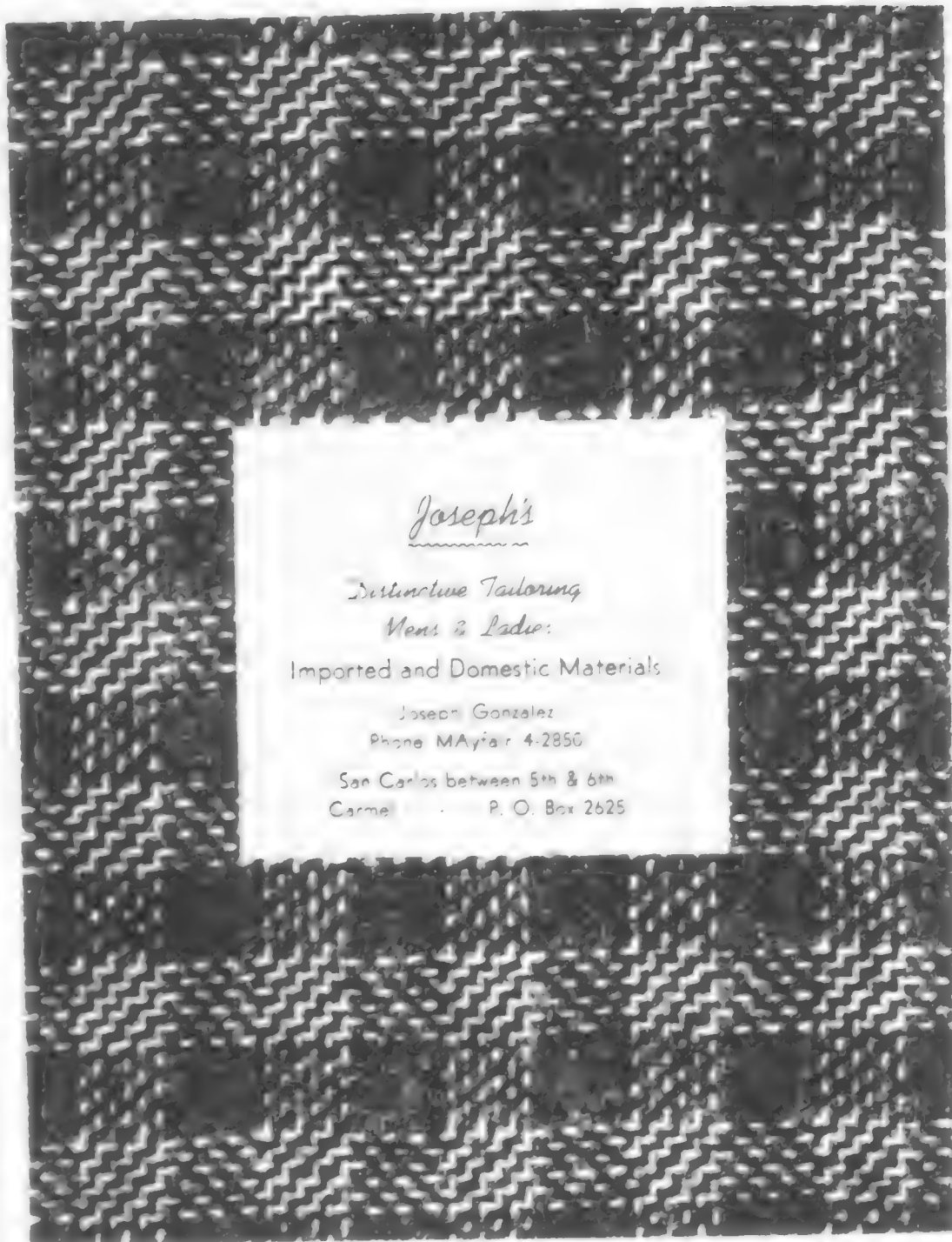
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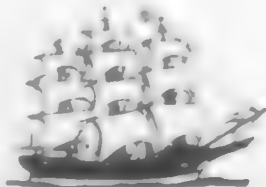
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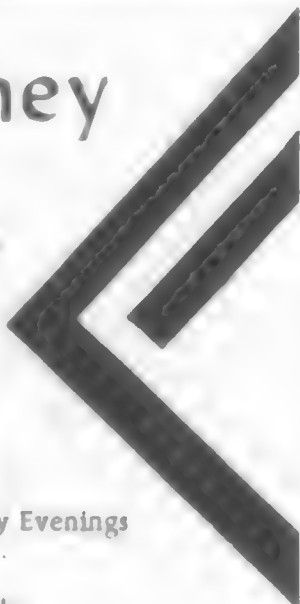
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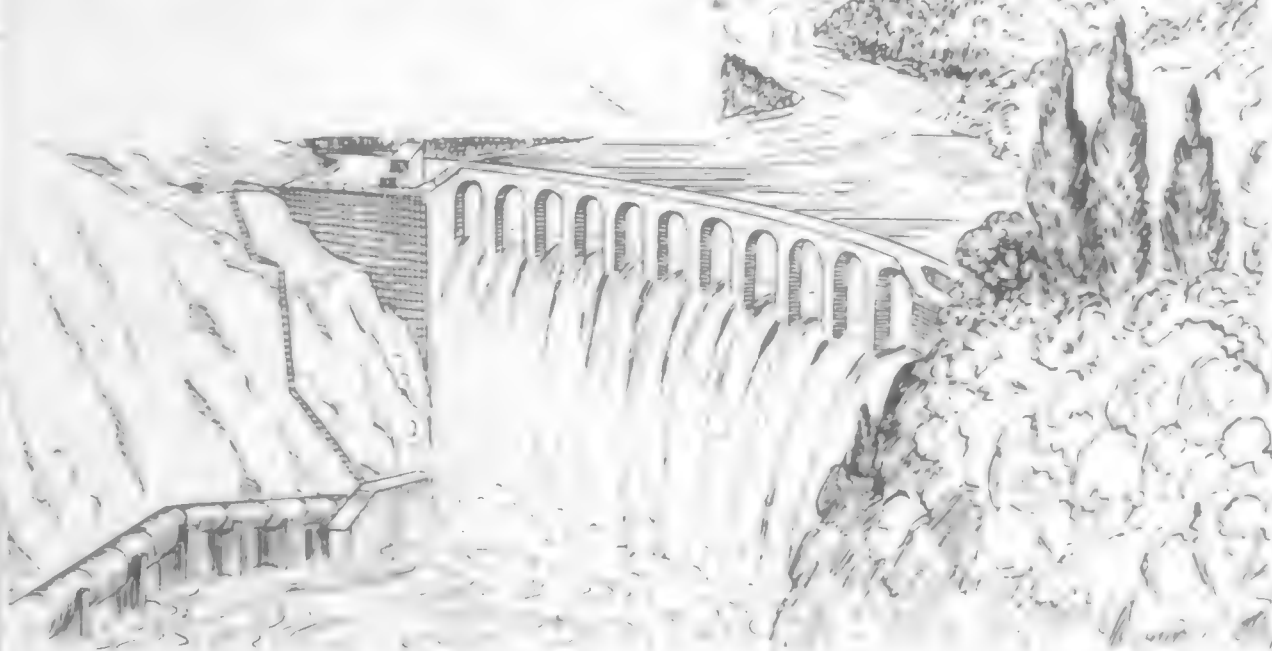
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To store the water which comes from the sky and flows down the mountain sides into our river of the land there are two dams, Los Padres and San Clemente. The cost of these dams with their 26-mile-long transmission main totals approximately \$3,400,000. To replace them today would cost more than twice that much.



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Just Facts

With more people moving into our peninsula area every day, and why not. We have compiled a few comparative figures which show just how the telephone company here in Monterey has expanded to meet this increase of population and demand for telephone service.

In 1945, we had 12,233 telephones in service. But, by the end of 1955 we had increased to 28,776 telephones. Our total telephone plant investments for Carmel and Monterey in 1945 was \$2,047,476.39 as compared to \$6,901,629.49 in 1955. This is an increase of 490%. For the average business day in 1945 the people placed 58,483 telephone calls. But by the end of 1955 this figure had jumped to a whopping 125,178 calls per day. Ad Valorem property tax payments on all property assessed to the local Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company was \$23,234.50 for the fiscal year ending 1945-46; for the fiscal year ending 1955-56, this figure was \$114,867.27.

So as you can see, our peninsula is growing by leaps and bounds with the telephone company right along side of it, and why not, this is California's most desirable location.

ALADDIN IN CARMEL

(Paid advertisement)

Mr. Winter, the proprietor of THE VILLAGE JEWELER, has received the following clipping, written by a roving reporter who was greatly taken with the array of wondrous things in his Dolores Street shop.

"Aladdin, lost in his cave and putting out his hand to the trees which bore the fruits of glorious color and fashioned of precious stones, was no more astounded than is the Carmel visitor who just happens into the 'ear-ring' shop. It can't be, one thinks, on being told that there is a place whose sole stock in trade is earrings. It is altogether unlikely that a merchant would say, 'This one thing I do,' and then stick to ear-rings, of all things.

"And it isn't quite that way, really, because there are a few—a very few—other bits of jewelry to be found in this little cave. But these are far outshone by the main item, a piece de resistance which whets but never satisfies the appetite.

"Recently a New York salesman unloaded his sample cases before the doorway of this small establishment. He came as missionary to unknown parts, for isn't Carmel, California, a tiny hinterland village which tries

hard but doesn't quite know how? On stepping inside, he fell back, dismayed. 'Oh, no!' was his shout of disbelief. There was no need for missionary work here—not in his department, anyhow.

"The Village Jeweler,' whose astute owners have collected all this loot and put it under one roof, literally has the largest and most surprising display of ear-rings in the United States. No foolin.' And it takes a mighty stout-hearted woman to pass up the feast.

"Did your grandmother own some beautifully wrought bracelets of soft gold, with classic designs running through the pattern? And, having had these appraised, have you taken them down to the bank for safe keeping? You can match them here in ear-rings, and at a painless price. Persons knowing the value of Grandma's keepsakes will be properly impressed at the ear-rings you have chosen to go with them, and you can save the price of an extra safety deposit box.

"Every color of the spectrum, softly muted, is here, in ascending or descending scale, as to hues and shades and tints. If it's azure or lapis Lazuli or rose or emerald or amethyst or topaz or gold or silver you prefer, you mention it. At once you find yourself in the predicament of the fellow

who likes pie and is let loose in the cafeteria where the chef has out-done himself this day with apple and peach and cherry and lemon and chocolate and gooseberry and blueberry and raisin and custard and currant and squash and mince. He can't eat them all but he's happier than larks in the pop-corn.

"There are whole trays of each color, quite by itself. And these range in style from what you would wear to your Grand-Aunt Emma's tea for the ladies' knitting group to something dazzling for a night on the town in company with six drunken sailors. You accept a lapful of jewels from the trusting soul who is the proprietor and have yourself a big time. All HE has to do is hope your check won't bounce.

"There is something barbaric in almost every female. She 'hates' jewelry maybe, but when she says 'jewelry' she almost never means little things to stick in her ears. Count the number of women you see who are not wearing brooches, bracelets, rings, necklaces or tiaras but who are wearing ear-rings. That's because The Little Woman feels kind of undressed without them. The Village Jeweler is for the likes of her. And it's worth the trip—from ANY distance." — (Advertisement)

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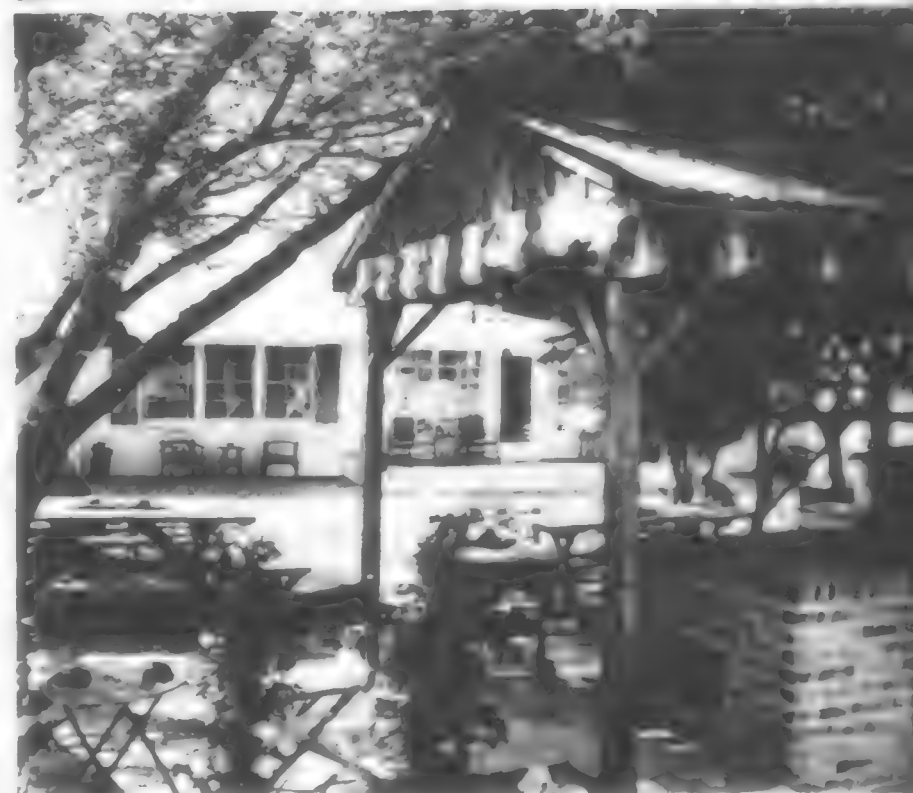
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MAIN RANCH HOUSE (far left) and view of living room. Top right, living room fireplace, one of the barbeque areas and two of the guest houses.



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This superb English style home offers the ultimate in comfort, elegance, breathtaking beauty. It has its own sandy beach, part of the 9 acre point on which it stands among Monterey Cypress and pines. Close to the house are walled colorful gardens and a lovely lawn.

Built of native stone, the home has 13 rooms: 3 master and 3 single bedrooms, 5 baths, 2 servants' rooms and bath, efficient service wing, 3 car garage, wine, storage, and laundry rooms, and outside green and lath houses.

The luxurious living room has arched ceiling, massive stone fireplace, French doors to sunny flagstone terrace and view of the world-famed coast line to the South. At one end of the room, a wrought iron stairway leads to second story bedrooms. Master bedroom suite with fireplace, dressing room, and 2 baths, is on the first floor.

Unusually appealing are the paneled library, the formal dining room, and the brick-floored breakfast room with barbecue fireplace.

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Your **YES** vote on Proposition 4 will



The Spoilers!

A century ago, when America's natural resources seemed inexhaustible, waste and reckless exploitation were the order of the day. The slogan of the spoiler was: "The public be damned!"

Protect Our Natural Resources

We've come a long way since the Robber Baron era. We've fought to save our precious resources from devastation. We've insisted on conservation—to protect our timber, our topsoils, our water, our fish and game.

Today in California, we have to battle for conservation once more: to save our oil—our most valuable resource of all—from the irresponsible, wantonly wasteful practices and the public-be-damned attitude of the spoilers!



Let's **GO** forward with **4**

Proposition 4—the Oil Conservation Act on the November ballot—will establish a State Oil and Gas Commission to put into effect modern conservation practices which the great majority of responsible California oil producers are ready and willing to abide by.

Double California's Oil Supply

Production methods made possible by Proposition 4 will double California's recoverable oil. Expert petroleum engineers agree on this. Even the opponents of the Act begrudgingly admit that fact.

What does that mean for you—and for all Californians? It means:

- More jobs and business prosperity.
- A huge new source of tax wealth for State, counties and school districts—to help ease your tax burden.
- Less dependence on foreign oil supplies—a life or death matter in time of national emergency.

Keep Gas Prices Down

Proposition 4 means price protection for you as a motorist—for greater supplies of California oil will help keep gasoline prices down!

Oil Conservation is in your interest—the public interest.

The Spoilers' way is the backward way.

Let's go forward with 4!

Vote **yes** **ON 4**

Citizens Conservation Committee for Proposition 4

870 Market St., San Francisco

State Co-Chairmen:

MAJOR GENERAL R. E. MITTELSTAEDT
Former President, State Public Utilities Commission

3107 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles

LEWIS GOUGH

Past National Commander, The American Legion



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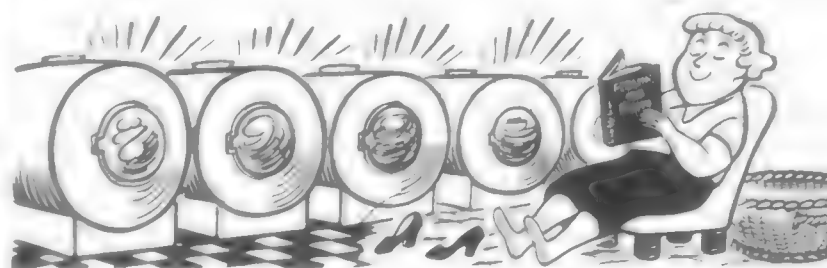
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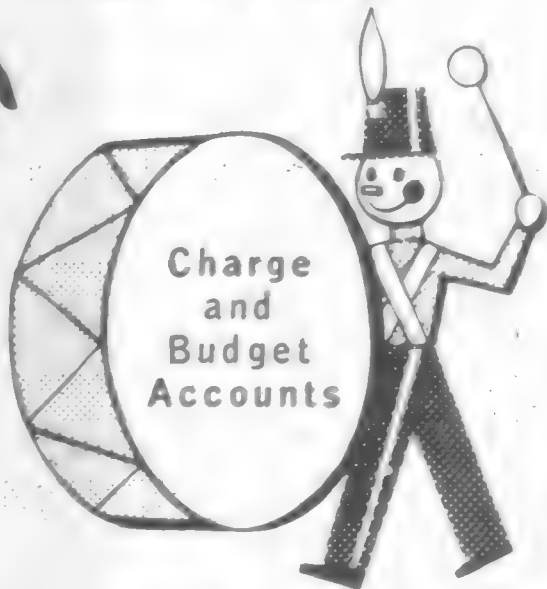


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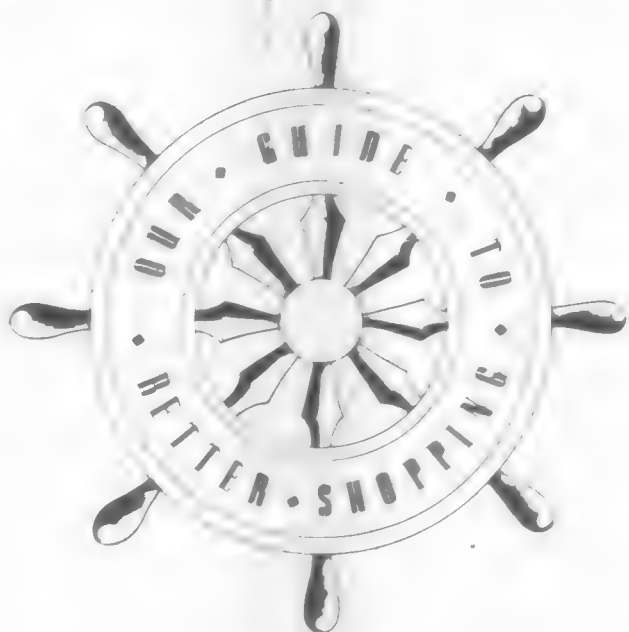
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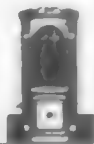
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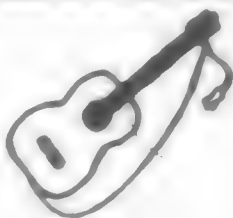
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NO. OF BANK 124

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE SECURITY STATE BANK

LOCATED AT PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA, AS OF THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS ON THE 30th
DAY OF June, 1956

Published in accordance with a call made by the Superintendent of Banks

	ASSETS	Commercial	Savings	Combined
1. Cash, balances with other banks, including reserve balance and cash items in process of collection,	115,055.91	81,026.60		1 96,082.51
2. U. S. Government obligations, direct and fully guaranteed	446,764.88	253,962.50		700,727.38
3. State, county, municipal and school district obligations,	38,531.91	134,913.24		1 73,445.15
4. Other bonds, notes and debentures,	14,075.00			14,075.00
5. Loans and discounts (includes \$362.83 overdrafts),	119,151.85	514,603.04		633,754.89
8a. Bank premises (subject to no liens not assumed by bank),	1,000.00			1,000.00
8b. Furniture, fixtures and equipment,	2,300.00			2,300.00
11. Other assets,	734.28			734.28
Total Assets,	737,613.83	984,505.38		1,722,119.21
LIABILITIES				
12a. Commercial deposits--demand (individuals, partnerships,	549,116.05			549,116.05
12b. Other demand deposits (certified and officers' checks, etc.),	114.54			114.54
14. Savings deposits,		950,505.38		950,505.38
17. State, county and municipal deposits,	1 00,000.00			100,000.00
21. Other liabilities,	6,471.23			6,471.23
Total Liabilities,	655,701.82	950,505.38		1,606,207.20
CAPITAL ACCOUNTS				
22. Capital paid in:				
a. Preferred stock none shares, Par \$,				
b. Common stock 500 shares, Par \$50,000.00,	33,000.00	17,000.00		50,000.00
23. Surplus,	33,000.00	17,000.00		50,000.00
24. Undivided profits--net,	15,912.01			15,912.01
Total Capital Accounts,	81,912.01	34,000.00		1 15,912.01
27. Total Liabilities and Capital Accounts,	737,613.83	984,505.38		1,722,119.21

MEMORANDA

1. Pledged assets (and securities loaned) (book value):			
a. U. S. Government obligations pledged to secure deposits and other liabilities,	117,000.00		117,000.00
b. Other assets to secure deposits and other liabilities (including notes and bills rediscounted and securities sold under repurchase agreements),			
Total,	117,000.00		117,000.00

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF MONTEREY, ss

A. O. GATES, President — C. M. FREEMAN, Cashier (Secretary)

of the Security State Bank of Pacific Grove, being duly sworn, each for himself, says has has a personal knowledge of the matters contained in the foregoing report of condition and schedules pertaining thereto and that every allegation, statement, matter and thing therein contained is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

Severally subscribed and sworn to before me by A. O. GATES, President
both deponents, this 13th day of July 1956. C. M. FREEMAN, Cashier (Secretary)

W. I. STRICKLAND

Notary Public in and for said county of Monterey, State of California.

(SEAL)

NO. OF BANK 124

(SEAL)

Correct—Attest: P. H. Smith, J. J. Williams, C. M. Ryan — Directors other than the officers signing the report.

Published in the Carmel Pacific Spectator-Journal, July, 1956.

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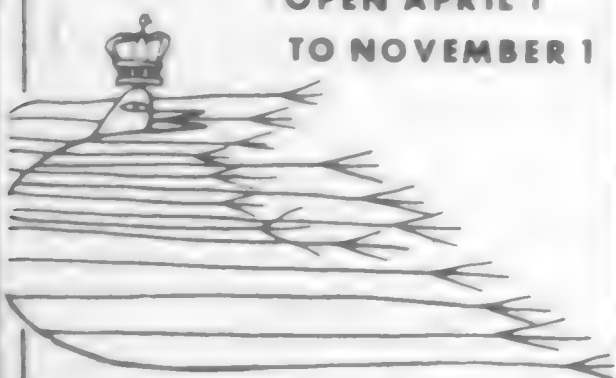
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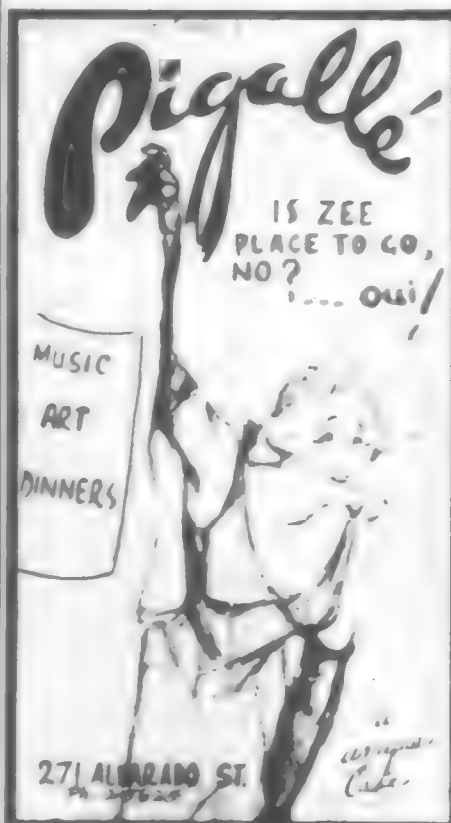
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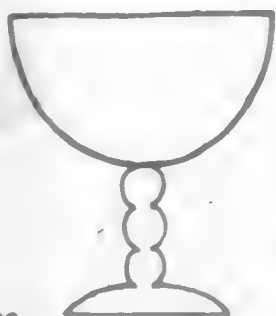
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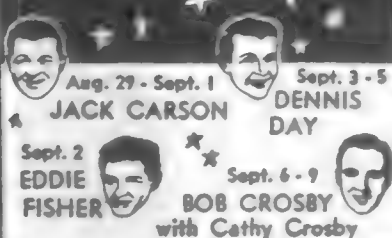
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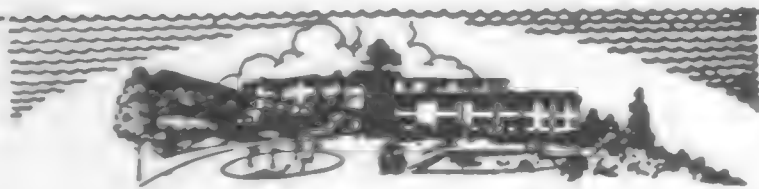


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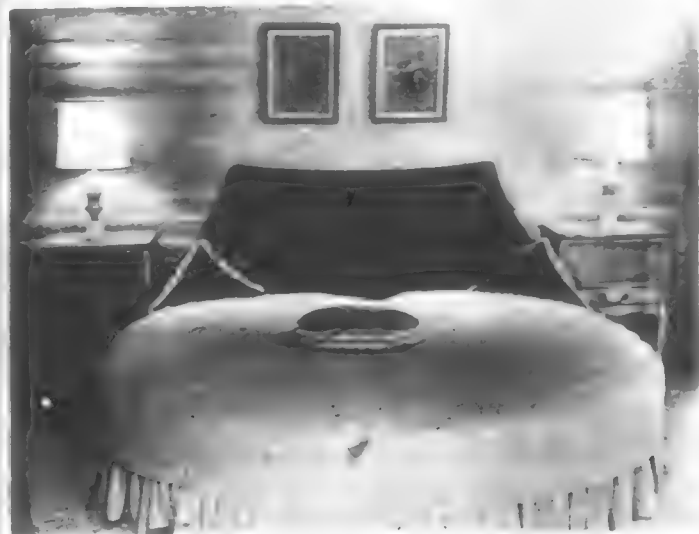
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A Lyrical Journey to the Big Sur Country

Poetry -- Eric Barker

Photography -- Wynn Bullock



Night At Sea

Magic is more than it seems—
Clear weather is the nightwise sign
When the ship's keel
Ploughs the mythology of the sky
And the Dog has a salty bark.

Strike midnight—all is well,
Though the Bull's Eye has a watery gleam
And Orion hunts with the sharks
The dim and restless Seven.

The world's wheel did not veer
When fire came down in a fennel stalk.
Nor now for whatever port it steers,
Though heaven's hot ore is quenched
Before it falls, and fins
Knife through the stars.

Deserled



Everything in the house was like the kitchen door
 the wind blew half-way open, waiting
 for wind to blow it shut again.
 Everything in the house was like that:
 half-open or shut; falling asleep
 or sleeping, everything in the garden
 either dying or dead. But when the wind sprang up,
 that house itself was full of sound
 as a church is of the sea:
 the rattling curtains and the dusty bells
 swaying in the same wave
 as the dead flowers in the garden.

I came upon it first on such a day
 and stopped to look in through a broken window,
 and the wind rushed in behind me,
 scouring it like a bell,
 and poured out through the other side
 flattening the wild oats in the opposite field
 with its broad and whistling scythe.



*And I went on, not caring for that sound,
though I love the wind as well as any man
close-lived to wood and fields,
and often lie awake at night
simply to listen when it walks the roof,
or lets me know it's in the chimney,
or stroking the backs of the nearby sleeping birds.*

*But that wind had a different sound.
I cannot tell you how it filled the house
unless you've wondered how Niobe mourned.
It made me think of those who lived there once,
who must have chosen such a cloud-loved hill
for what to them was seeming permanence.
And what ill circumstance had tripped them up,
and set against the walls those smouldering fires
that eat a house to death with shameless wounds.*





Point Lobos

*It is good to walk along this shore again
and rest beneath the ancient trees.
Change comes slowly here: the herring gulls
that hang above the sea might be the birds
we watched last year from this same place,
over the heaving kelp, among the tide-rocks.
Through the dark trees, searching all the grove
with sound, beats the huge orchestration of the
surf.*

*For centuries the sea-notes shatter here
before the Titans fall. Their lives are nobler
than any man's saving Prometheus.
He too, the Rock-Bound, endured such sun
and wind, the mordant fire of salt
working his creviced wounds, and when
the great shocks shuddered through the cliff
tensed all his strength, feeling the rock-base
shaken beneath his feet, the bellowing aurochs
plunging in the caves.*

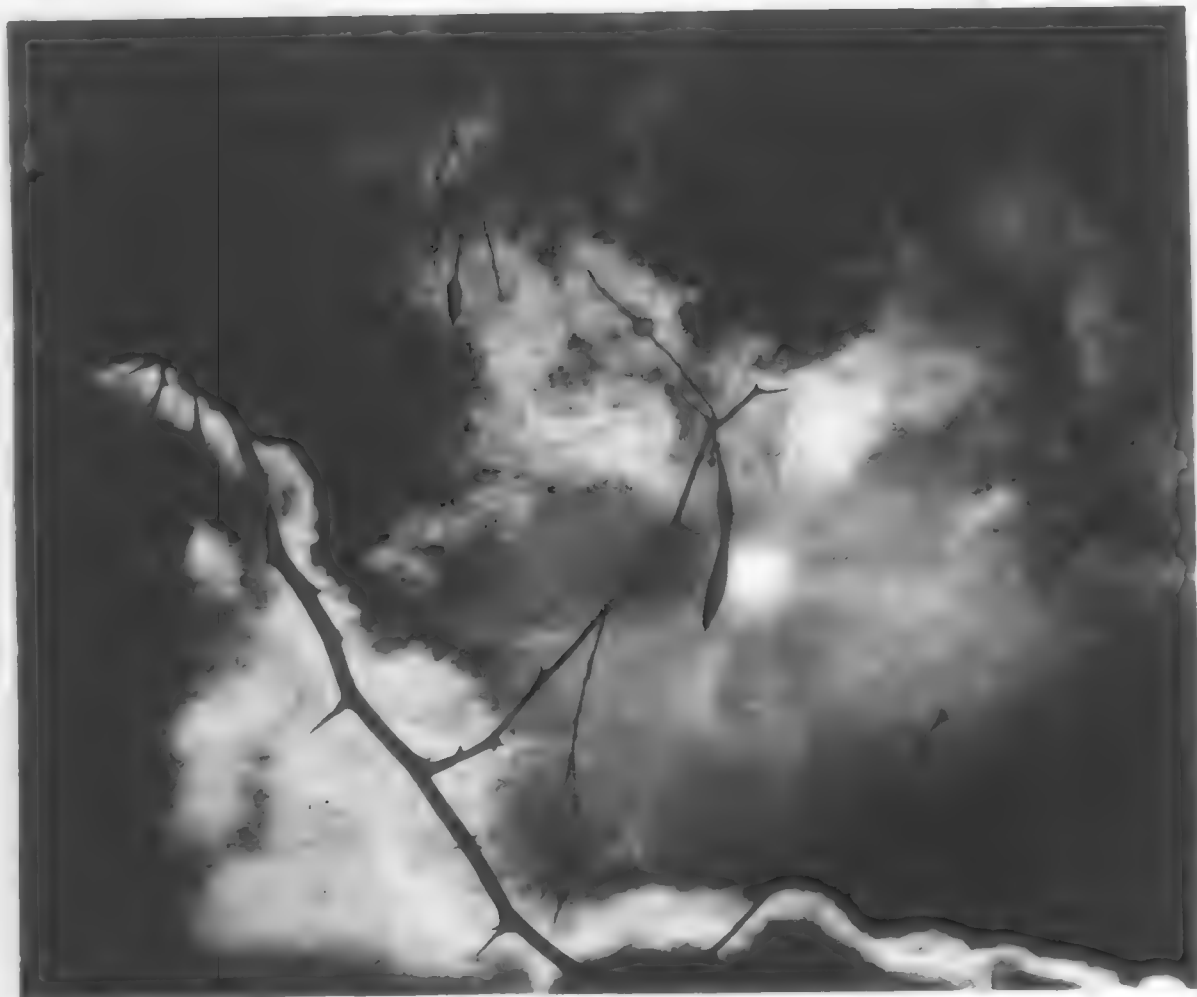
*These giants would knit a pygmy heart
with fortitude for life. I could make gods
of these, and when full circle came,
envy their nobler death: ours the dank grave,
the old decaying flesh, the wormy dark.
But see how these grey bones
are picked clean by the surf,
consumed in the foam's white fire...*

*Old trees, beautiful and dying,
centuries dying, be here at the end.
When Man's last war has killed the race
and left the planet clean I can see you then:
old trees beautiful and dying,
centuries dying on the granite cliffs,
alone on Lobos, by the smoking sea.*





The Country of the Mind



*In that wide country I have named my own
Where none may come unless I give the sign,
The meadow-fences are too high for climbing,
No crafty trespasser can pick the subtle locks
Of gates that open at a word from me.*

*Worn paths lead through the woods; I made them all.
I could follow blind old blazes on the trees.
I made those deep love-notches long ago,
Seeking a path that would lead me to the sea
By sun and moon on the far shores of the mind.*

*Beautiful is the solitude never once broken
By those whose visitations turn the hours.
I have studied their minds as I study the wind and the tide,
Given them fair skies to the climate of my thoughts,
Our words and our silence are fruit of the selfsame tree.*

*On a farewell morning by the clock of the tide
It is time to embark again from their port of call.
And I watch them over the sea line crying with gulls.
I hold their dwindling sails in my Gulliver eye,
Homing to their coasts under the creature-changing clouds,
Their fleecy pilots through the weather of my love.*





Little Sur River

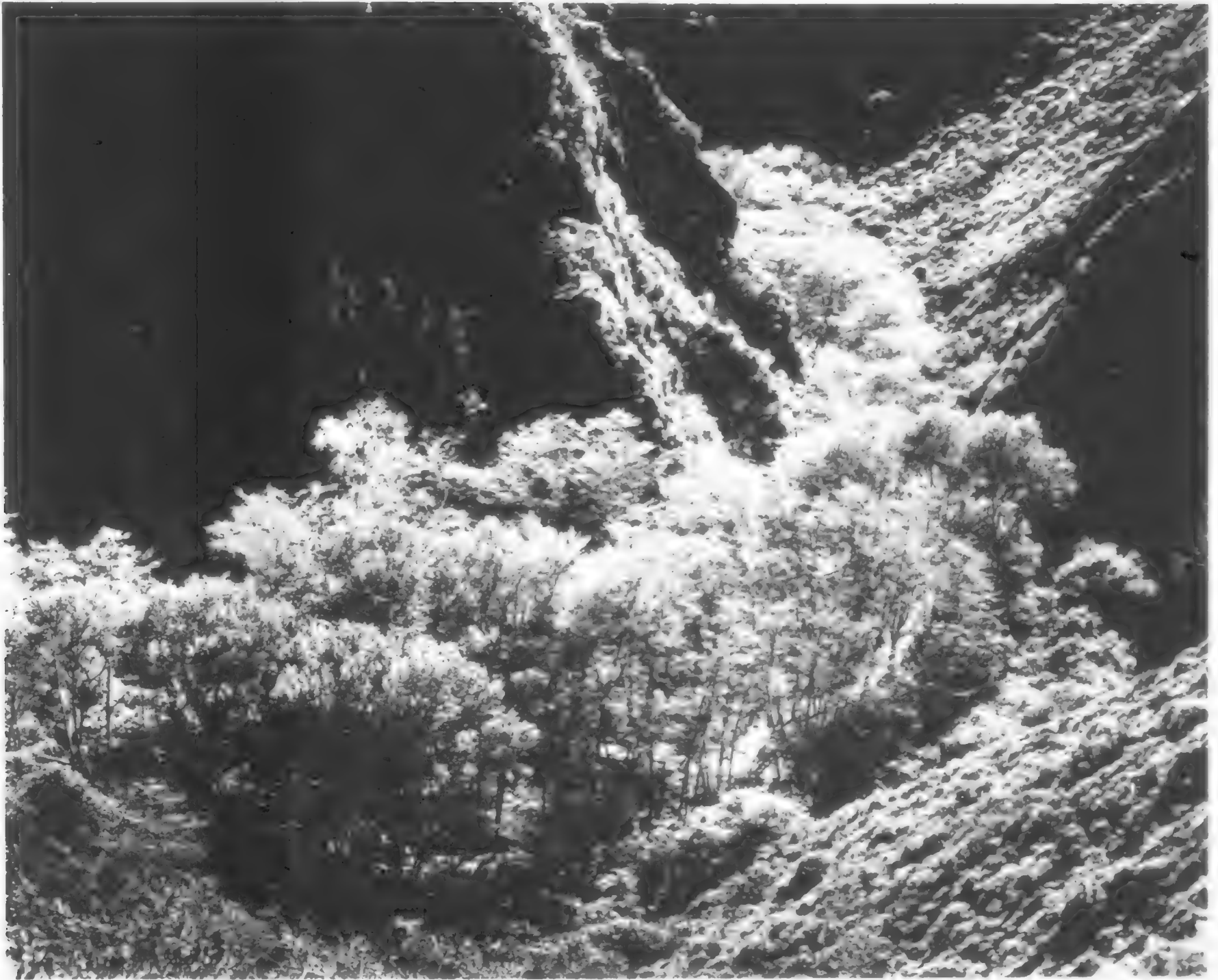
*I have followed Little Sur to the foot of Pico Blanco,
under cottonwoods and alders, under the green tents
of the redwoods where smoky sunlight lies tangled
in bramble and fern, listening to white laughter
in stony places, to the green soliloquies of pools.*

*Between the intermittent green and silver
leaves of willows, leaves of alders
I have heard her singing in a shroud
when so many grey ghosts come up from the sea
anonymity thickens, identity is lost;
no tree or flower in the sea's white shade
is surely named for love.*

*When Pico Blanco wears sunset like a lion skin
on his granite shoulders
I have followed her down to the sea
where gulls and cormorants burn like phoenixes,
the great ocean is possessed by light and sound.*

*Now for two years the river has been my pilgrim
neighbor;
many ties are broken, many loved voices lost.
Human affections grow deeper than any bond
in nature, she cannot fill their absence.
Yet here, beyond the malaise of the time,
is a voice unfailing for the heart's acceptance,
counsel better than the words of sages,
than philosophies
that fail in the face of the ruinous fact.*







Fog Over Big Sur

*Nowhere it was, or so it might have been.
Somewhere is what eyes see, what hands remember
on days when love's a memory in the eye,
roughness of stones and trees stroked into bands
is rubbed like shells examined far from sea.*

*Somewhere it was, but fog had cancelled it.
All known nearby, anonymously drowned,
showed bar nor shoal, nor rolled a sun-sick bell
across the sea's thick cloud, crying to me:
"Though hidden now as we are hid, yet wait
for entering sun revealing each to each,
then come with your reminiscent hands and eyes."*

*Shut off from sea and sky, from rock and tree,
all senses strained to one that hears in dark,
I leaned against the fog as leans a tree
against that drenching cloud. And talk dripped
rustling down like raining eaves from stones
and leaves along the bland, wet coast:*

*"Sun is not all. Here we drink fog like rain.
Smoked up from Mother of Oceans, this dense wall
baffles our fiercest god. Not just for him
open our thirsty mouths, our sucking pores.
Your hands and eyes like sponges have drawn in
that which the sun absorbs. Our other nature
holds you off like spurs when the sea's mood
bans trespass in the cloud that blinds the sun."*





Clouds

*Strange beasts that lose to stranger beasts in heaven
They come in herds as leisurely as seals,
Browsing among the highest junipers,
Protean as one seen from Elsinore
And maned and multitudinous as waves.
Dawn-emptied of his rage, an old bull mammoth
Leads them up the granite scarps
To last night's streaming battle-rear
Above the jags of falcons and the steep-eyed hawks.
All day they gather round his knees,
Wounded and tired from night war,
Huge-pawed and winged, staring down at us
Like creatures from a lost mythology,
Whose ramparts are guarded by griffins with
 strange eyes,
Where peace is deep
And colored like the snow.*



WITH COMFORT TOWARD NONE

by Shirley Stoddard

Whenever I hear the word "quaint" as applied to an early Carmel cottage I think of the quaint little outdoor icebox which was so remotely attached to the Carmel cottage I once occupied.

On a dark, rainy night, you had to carry both a flashlight and an umbrella to get to this primitive custodian of refrigeration, which left you with no hands for carrying whatever you were after after you got it.

I'll never forget the time, with dinner guests waiting for their dessert, I plunged into the darkness after a pie I had made. On my way back to the house, by balancing the pie at a necessary angle, I lost some of its innards—but I didn't realize it until I caught my guests gazing rather sadly at the empty crusts they found on their plates.

That particular house, in true pre-Comstock Carmel style, had a fireplace that didn't draw, a hot water heater that gave out in the middle of every shower and a leaky, leaky roof.

Apart from that it was charming. It was surrounded by sprawling, beautiful oaks which shut out all the light and towering pines which fell down in the winter.

It had a cute little patio which got 15 minutes of sun in the afternoon and was so choked with pine needles and leaves you didn't want to sit there very long anyway.

Its front door was where the back door should have been and vice versa (somewhat confusing to guests and tradesmen), and there was an extra outside door on the bathroom for people who had been to the beach and didn't want to trickle sand and salt water through the house—though the beach was a good mile away.

That was my last early Carmel cottage in a long succession of Carmel cottages. My first Carmel cottage was REALLY charming. Built by Perry Newberry and once dwelt in by Jack London, who died, I understand, in 1916, it also had a fireplace that didn't draw. Various tenants, though, had tried to alleviate the situation by adding another foot or so of any kind of brick or rock they happened to have on hand to the chimney, so that by the time we moved in the chimney looked like that nursery rhyme about the crooked little man in his crooked little house and the fireplace STILL didn't draw.

That chimney, in my high school days, had its points. If I got home late from a party, had forgotten my key and didn't want to disturb the family by pounding on the front door, I just walked up the chimney and climbed in through a second story window. The only trouble with that stealthy means of entry was that my mother's bed was right under the window, and when I stepped on her

she was apt to scream "Burglars!" and other hysterical things. (Later she suggested that I prop a ladder against my own bedroom window and leave it there for such emergencies. I did so, and everyone was happier. I even made my exits that way).

One of the most charming things about that house, in 1933, was that we paid only \$37.50 in rent for it and when we went away on vacation in the summer subleased it for \$125 a month. Paid for the whole vacation, in those days.

And there were other charms. Though built of the traditional board and bat, the house contained 12 rooms and two bathrooms. The bathrooms, placed side by side with a connecting door between, offered identical facilities, except that one had a bathtub, the other a shower. We would have appreciated a second bathroom upstairs or in another wing of the house—but side by side? We ended up using only one of them—the one with the tub.

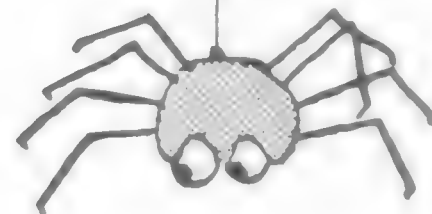
The ceilings in the house were either too low or too high. In the living room, heavy redwood beams were booby-traps to any tall man who forgot to stoop, and upstairs, in the bedrooms—each of which was a gable—spiders spun their webs in shadowy recesses far above and were impervious to house-cleaning efforts.

And speaking of spiders, there were hundreds of them. My little brother made a hobby of collecting Black Widows in mason jars and flourishing them at visitors. And when you went to bed at night, you had to turn down the sheets very carefully and look for spiders before you dared to climb in, and in the morning you examined the floor before you put your bare feet on it.

There was one particular spider—the spider in my bedroom—I called my own. Every night he descended on his gossamer thread to a point just above my nose, and every night, when I grabbed him, he scooted back up to his home in the eaves. He's probably still doing it—to the present tenant of my bedroom.

There were other non-paying occupants, besides. After completing a biology project at school one year, I brought home one of the white rats I had used and sold it to my little brother for a quarter. Gordon intended to keep "Oscar" in his room, but the rat very shortly disappeared through a hole in the way and was never seen again. We could hear him, though—at night—scurrying around the walls of the house, upstairs, downstairs and in milady's chamber. We didn't worry about his welfare; Gordon left food and water at Oscar's hole and it was always

Houses of Distinction Section



gone in the morning.

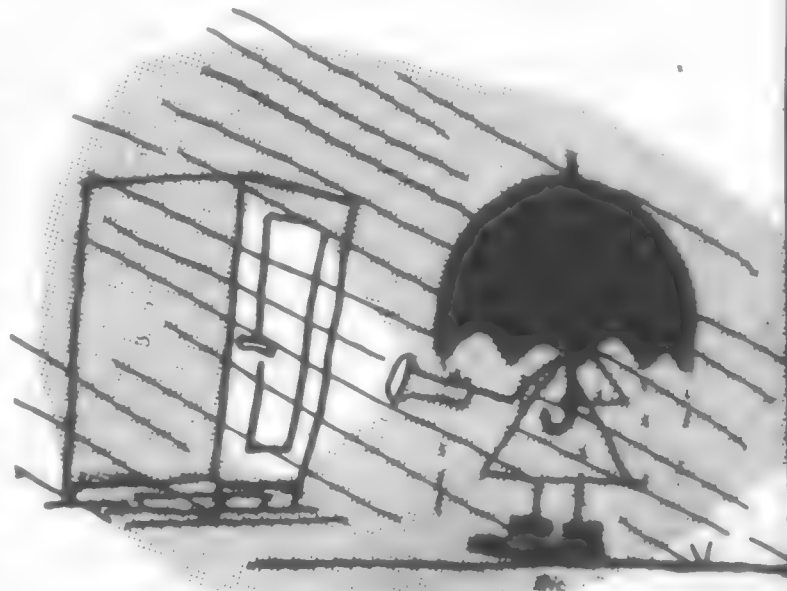
The house was one of those semi-haunted affairs which groan at night, and there was a particularly rickety staircase. Well do I remember a terrifying Saturday I spent there alone—alone except for Jolly, the Springer spaniel, who occupied herself during the early evening by snuffling along the doorways and uttering low, ominous growls. Unnerved, I gathered courage for the dash upstairs to bed. Turning light off and on as I ascended, I finally gained my room. I stood there in the dark, pawing the air frantically for five minutes for the light cord which was suspended, as all of them were, from the ceiling. When I found it, I locked the door, got into bed and lay listening to the whispering of the house. And all night long Jolly stood on me, leaned out the window and barked. Later—if you like anti-climaxes to your stories—I learned there had been a peeping tom in the neighborhood that night.

Yes, early Carmel cottages were charming. Charming, quaint and cheap.

They're still charming, still quaint. And they must have been fairly well built—if only for summer occupancy—because they're still standing, still occupied.

But I'll never forget what Gelett Burgess said when he came to call on me in the last early Carmel cottage I rented. "I should think," he said, looking around, "that this would be an ideal place for a murder."

It wasn't long after that that I moved to a modern, well-equipped apartment. There's no fireplace, but who cares? Fireplaces never draw, anyway.





Photos
by
Wynn Bullock

BIT OF NORWAY IN CARMEL



DRAGON hangs over fireplace of Hardanger Hall in the Carmel Highlands. The hall, part of the former Reynolds estate, is a copy of a Norwegian baronial mansion of the 15th Century. Notice elaborate carvings on bed, chandeliers and wood bin (far left). Entrance to hall is shown on top of page. On opposite page, hand-wrought iron door latch (above left) is one foot wide. It is so heavy that it is hard to pull open. Carefully carved door (above right) decorates guest house on the estate. Below right, a water-spitting monster squats over washbasin in master bathroom in main house. Knobs are on its knees. Mounted knights (below left) without legs are carved in woodwork of Hardanger Hall. Carvings are copies from originals in Museum of Nordic Art, Oslo.

She called herself "Had Her Way" Maude.

She knew herself well. She always had her way. She could afford it.

As the wife of a Colorado mining man, Mrs. Maude Reynolds could finance her every whim.

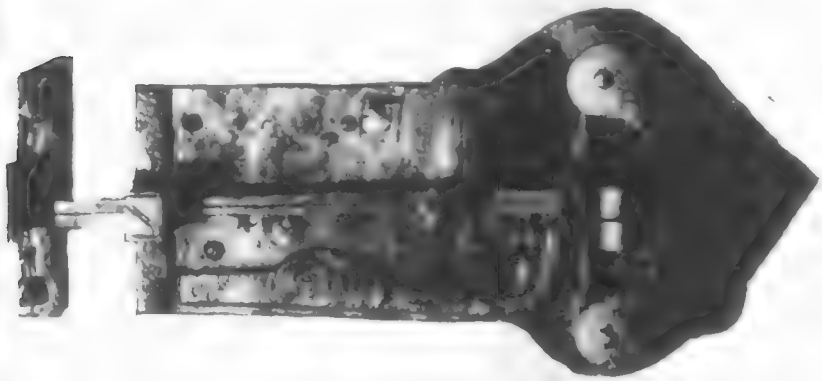
Today, at the Carmel Highlands on the little road above the Highlands Inn, there stands a monument to her taste, her money; a monument to having her way.

The monument is a house whose exquisiteness of detail has few equals anywhere in this country, be it in Pebble Beach, Beverly Hills or Grosse Pointe.

The house, or rather the complex of houses, is a true copy of a Norwegian estate. Mrs. Reynolds imported Norwegian designers, craftsmen and workers to build it. They worked on it for years. One of the buildings alone, a copy of a Norwegian hunting lodge, cost \$80,000. That was in 1918 when 80 grand was an even grander sum than it is today.

The main residence, a three-bedroom, three-bath proposition, was finished in 1927. No figures are available on its cost. And then there was also a garage with an apartment over it and a guest house. But they are not so important. The guest house is not so exquisite, and the garage burned down last year.

The current owners of Maude Reynolds' Highlands



HIGHLANDS

home are the Misses Myra Waterman and Ann Cattell and their Irish setter. Miss Waterman paints. Miss Cattell writes. "Sixty Miles North," the saga of a country school teacher, was one of her books.

Mrs. Reynolds was affectionately known as Lady Maude, although she was not titled.

Stories are that she sat imperiously on a rocking chair on the indoor balcony of the hunting lodge. From this throne she supervised and directed the workmen. If she didn't like something they had just finished, she had them tear it out and do it all over again.

Tearing out was literally necessary: all ornamentations are integral parts of the building. If the carving on a beam or on a door wasn't just right, the whole beam or the whole door had to be replaced. Lady Maude had her way.

The result was rugged and, as far as anyone can tell,

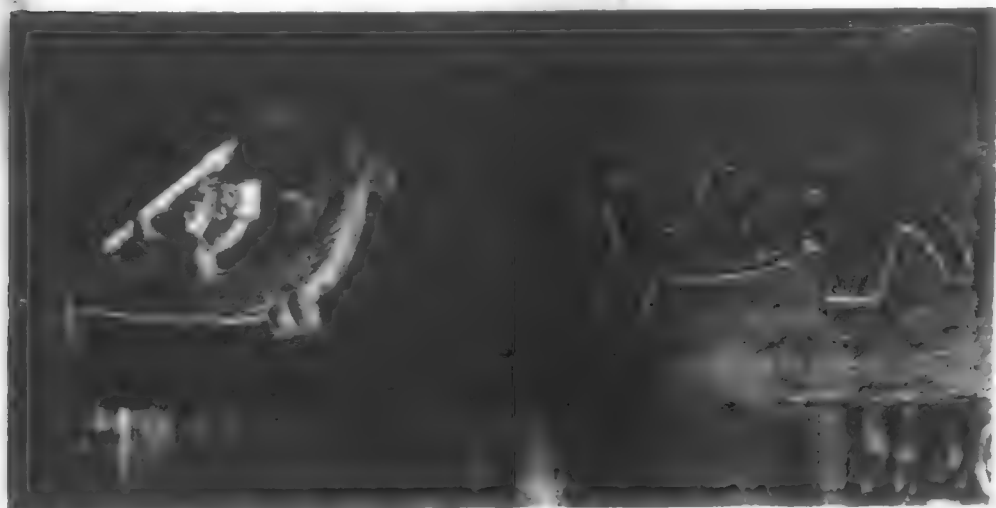
authentic beauty. Despite the multitude of ornamentation, there's nothing prissy about Hardanger Hall, named after Hardanger Fjord whose precipitous coastline resembles that of the Carmel Highlands. It isn't prissy because all the decorations are carvings and hand-wrought iron work and the colors, though vivid, are mated in such perfection that they do not glare. All designs came from originals in the Museum of Nordic Art

in Oslo. Sometimes Lady Reynolds called her home the "Viking Hut."

Lady Maude died in Palo Alto a few years ago. Ironically, despite the love and attention and money she had lavished on her Viking Hut, she found little happiness there.

You might almost say that the residence seemed jinxed

(Please turn page)



BIT OF NORWAY

(Cont'd from preceding page)

until just recently.

Lady Reynolds' husband died soon after the project was completed. Maude Reynolds stayed on alone for a while. Then she left: the fun was gone. For several years the house stood deserted, desolate.

Then Dr. and Mrs. William McCabe bought it, during the depression. They got the two-acre estate for a comparative song. They loved the place, but war came. Dr. McCabe, a reserve officer, had to go in the service.

Mrs. McCabe tried to run the place alone as household help was increasingly hard to get. But it's too big a place to run alone. She had to give it up.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Sanford bought it from the McCabes. Mrs. Sanford soon died. Sanford lived on for a few years in loneliness, then he also passed away. He left the home to his Filipino servant, Fabian Era.

Era sold the Viking Hut to Dr. Henry S. Randall of Fresno. Dr. Randall died. And in 1953, the Misses Cattell and Waterman bought it.

On February 7, 1954, their tenant in the garage apartment, Whit Wellman, fell asleep with a lighted cigarette. At least that's what authorities thought. Wellman couldn't tell them. He was burned to death. The fire gutted the garage. The flames leaped over to the main house and burned out one bedroom and the

roof of the bedroom wing. It also scorched one corner of the roof of the hunting lodge.

Misses Waterman and Cattell had insurance, but as the insurance man had told them when he was first asked to appraise the property: "You can't insure it for every detail. It's irreplaceable. If it's gone, it's gone." A short stairway in the living room alone would cost about \$1,000, he figured, if anyone could be found to duplicate the intricate carving.

After the fire, Misses Waterman and Cattell replaced the damaged or destroyed portions, staying as closely in style with the rest of the property as they could. To the untrained eye, the difference is not noticeable.

Apart from its decorations, the Viking estate is remarkable for its basic construction. It was built of hand-hewn redwood logs, which were joined together not with nails but with wooden pegs, requiring much greater accuracy. The windows are leaded glass. Bathrooms are exquisitely tiled. There is much built-in Norwegian furniture.

Over the fireplace in the 50 by 26 foot lodge hangs a wooden dragon. The fireplace dragon is an old Norwegian custom. It's put there to frighten away evil spirits that might hop down the chimney when somebody lets the fire go out.



ELABORATE STAIRWAY (above) leads from living room to guest bedroom in the main house. Insurance man told current owners it would take at least \$1,000 to replace carvings on that stairway in case of fire—if somebody could be found to do it. Left, view from garden path on the estate shows main house (front) and part of Hardanger Hall (right background). There is also a guest house and a garage with an apartment on top of it.



PEBBLE BEACH MANOR

A House is not a Home

Rising above the wave-splashing boulders of Pescadero Point is Pebble Beach's junior San Simeon. This architectural extravaganza of 17 palace-like rooms and all that goes with them is known in local parlance as the Hart Mansion though it was bought recently by Noel J. Poux, an Eastern industrialist.

The mansion, without doubt the Monterey Peninsula's most imposing private pile of masonry, took five years to build. Materials and craftsmen that knew how to handle them were brought to the site from all over the world.

By the time the building was complete in the early 30's, the overall cost was estimated at around two million, give or take a few hundred-thousand, even at depression prices. This sort of grandiosity is, of course, a thing of the past, presumably even in Texas, and the Hart Mansion stands today as a monument to a time when the word tax collector was still mentionable in polite society. Last year's property tax on the place was \$2,909.

The man who built the house was Templeton Crocker, millionaire member of the millionaire family. He did not live to see its completion. His wife, later re-married to Paul Fagan, lived in it for a while; then, years later, it was sold to Mrs. George Hart who gave it up eventually because of the servant problem. She now lives in Carmel, in a home that is considerably easier to keep up.

In addition to a large living hall, the mansion contains seven master bedrooms, each with its individual bath; a dining room, kitchen and pantry (these bigger than an average-sized apartment), several servant quarters (now all uninhabited but one), a whole mess of storage and utility rooms, and a long series of arched and austere hallways through whose snake-like caverns one's steps echo from one end

(Continued)

IMPOSING ENTRANCE of the neo-Byzantine mansion and its three levels are shown in top photo. Elaborately engraved entrance door is typical of those throughout the house, crafted by Samuel Yellin of Philadelphia. Photos by Wynn Bullock.



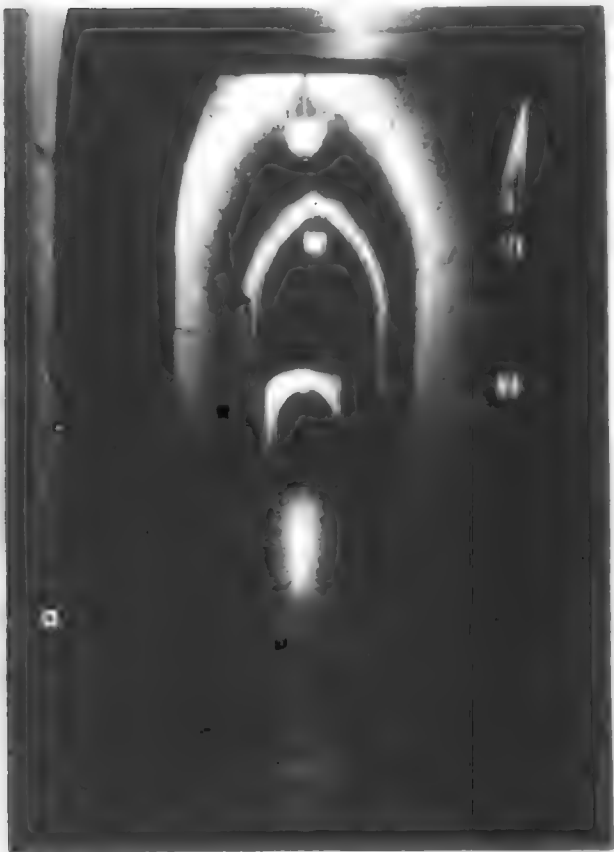


PATIO AND SURF are viewed from the ornate dining room (below). Arched ceiling was artificially antiqued while floor is of imported Cipolin marble. Murals were painted over gold leaf. Entrance to the dining room from main hall is depicted in top left photo.



MASTER BATHROOM that adjoins master bedroom below features a bathtub cut from a slab of black marble with gold leaf inlay on top. Room is carpeted wall to wall over marble mosaic. Ceiling is a mosaic of millions of abalone shells. One of the walls of room is lined with closets.

Two complete walls are mirrors.



Master bedroom on third floor overlooks the ocean with a view stretching to Point Lobos. Garden below has 45 arches of 32 different kinds of marble from 16 countries.

Photo of hallway with vault-like appearance is typical of connecting corridors throughout the house.





MAIN ENTRANCE HALL FLOOR (above) is of mosaic marble in the signs of the Zodiac. Bedroom (below, left) is one of the second level rooms featuring heavy hand-carved timbers. Toilet (left) is typical of those throughout the house.



House Not a Home

of the vast house to the other.

Fortress-like walls, 24 to 28 inches thick, of reinforced concrete faced by stone brought from Mount Vesuvius, enclose this labyrinth of Western Mediterranean splendor. Its architect was George Washington Smith. He modeled the house after the type of neo-Byzantine chateau sometimes found along the Riviera.

On the craggy, three-acre property where it sits overlooking the Pacific in a 180-degree sweep, there is also a swimming pool with an adjoining radiantly-heated beach, a "weekend" house and a large stone garage with space for four automobiles.

The mansion's sunny terrace is about 100 vertical feet above the boulders of the pebbly shore, and from this vantage point the owners can watch schools of whales and sea lions as they pass the point. Even rare sea otters have been known to play in the pools between the rocks below this latterday castle, their presence almost symbolic of the fact that nothing rare (and therefore costly) has been left out in the construction and arrangement of the house.

The expensive splendor starts with the entrance hall whose floor is composed of mosaic marble (like all other floors, mostly marble, laid over concrete slab). The mosaic's design represents a compass that incorporates the signs of the Zodiac and pictures the four main districts of the Byzantine Empire.

Marble of many different types, brought from all corners of the world, is found in every part of the house. A patio that adjoins the mansion's entrance portico is surrounded by a vaulted enclosure whose arches are supported by 45 pillars of 32 different types of marble.

Even some of the bathrooms are of marble. The most exquisite of these, referred to by the building's present

owner as the "Saturday night bath," looks like something out of a DeMille sex epic. Its tub, set in the center of a floor of black and gold marble mosaic, is cut from one piece of black marble. Pillars supporting the vaulted ceiling of this bathroom are also of black marble, while the ceiling is a matching bluish-green composed, as it is, of the shimmering inside patina of thousands of abalone shells. Another bathroom has a goldplated shower. Sunken tubs are almost everywhere.

The bathrooms are excelled in extravagance only by the dining room, graced by a Cipolin marble floor, Doria rock dado and a roof with a mural that was painted on gold leaf and then artificially antiqued to capture the full flavor of a castle that has been in one's family for a few centuries.

Doors throughout the mansion, even when they hide nothing but a switch box or service elevator, are of two-to-three inch thick black walnut wood and all are adorned by wrought-iron and bronze hardware, crafted by America's most famous man in the field, Samuel Yellin of Philadelphia.

Most of the bedrooms have hand-carved wooden ceilings, with no two of the designs, nor two of the woods used, alike. Much of the furniture that came with the house, too, is hand-carved—heavy period pieces brought from Europe. One of the mansion's many unusual features is a "Jacob's Ladder," an outside stairway of Doria rock leading to the second floor.

Walls and ceilings of the halls, stairs and tower are covered with costly Cruzon stone. The living room has walls and ceilings of Doria rock, and a floor of Cresoto stone.

Poux, the new owner of all this that big money, at one time, could afford to build, is a manufacturer of

plastic pipe. Poux (rhymes with socks) naturally paid only a fraction of the mansion's original cost for it. The sales price was rumored to be around \$250,000.

For Poux, a hard-headed businessman, inventor and engineer (Penn State), the big house will not be a home. He says he bought it "because I liked it. I can spot value when I see it, and it doesn't take me long to make up my mind." He decided on the purchase overnight while on a visit here, then followed the purchase with a lease of some Seaside industrial property for a manufacturing and warehousing branch of his plastic pipe company.

He will use the mansion as a place to stay when he drops in on his new West Coast Branch, to entertain businessmen, and to put up his specialists and executives when they come to this part of the country. Already he has taken two bedrooms in the mansion, turned one into a drafting room and the other into an office. These two rooms now have the incongruous look of efficiency that chambers in European castles had when taken over by the U.S. Army during the war.

Poux, a short and stocky ex-football player who says he works 16 hours a day "mostly designing and creating things and holding business conferences, spends most of his time in these two rooms or else in the mansion's big living hall which he is fixing up in the military theme, with medieval armor hung on the walls, French and American rifles stacked in the corners and even a couple of World War I machine guns here and there.

It's going to be a real man's room," says the Verdun veteran who was Pershing's radio operator and taught Hap Arnold and George Marshall the workings of a shortwave set. With his wife, Marguerite, Poux also occasionally watches television in a bedroom that has been converted into a sitting room.

Now 60, Poux was Talon's zipper wizard until he started his plastics operation in 1942. He invented many of the things that make zippers zip, and he still serves as a consultant to the big zipper company whose headquarters are in Meadville, Pa. His own company, Skyline Industries, has its main plant in nearby Titusville, Pa., and he has homes in both of these cities. His only son, Richard, 26, who is vice-president of Skyline Industries, lives in Titusville, did most of his soldiering at Fort Ord.

Poux, who had visited his son here, became interested in the Monterey Peninsula as a branch site through the efforts of Louis Peradotto, executive director of Monterey County Industrial Development, Inc., and George Dovolis, Monterey realtor. It is as yet too early to tell how much influence Poux's move will have on the economic life of the area.

A "modest" operation, he says, will mark the beginnings of his branch in Seaside, scheduled to start rolling this month. The operation, for which he leased the De-Maria Bros. building in Canyon Del Rey that used to house the Monterey Supply Company, "will grow according to the needs of the business," he says. "There's room for expansion if West Coast business warrants it."

Poux, whose small black eyes glint shrewdly out of a square, rugged face, looks like a man who can tell what business warrants from what it doesn't.

"My only hobby," he says, "is making money. I was one of the country's first radio hams. I went for that hobby in a big way. I had a set on which I could receive Admiral Byrd's messages from the South Pole right at home in Meadville. I was at it for years.

"Then one day I read an article on 'profitable hobbies' and I found out that my hobby was one of those that never made any money, only cost money. I sold every bit of equipment I had right then and there. Since then, business has been my only hobby."

...

IN SHARP CONTRAST to the old world flavor of the mansion is the electrically heated swimming pool. Former owners, the George Harts, also installed a radiant heated beach.





FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT'S

Blend of Stone and Sea



STEPPED-OUT LIVING ROOM WINDOWS are probably the most talked-about feature of the Frank Lloyd Wright designed home on Carmel's Scenic drive (above). Rocks and breakers stretch below the living room windows (below) to the west while northward windows look out on sweep of Carmel Beach. Couch that lines window wall is built-in feature and part of home's original design. Sectional table also was specially constructed. Opposite page, patio adjoins long, large-windowed hallways of home's bedroom wing. Below, like the prow of a ship, the house points out to sea. When waves run high during storms, breakers splash against the ramparts of the terrace.

"I want a house," Mrs. Clinton Walker wrote to her old friend, Architect Frank Lloyd Wright, "as durable as the rocks and as transparent as the waves."

Her phrase captured Wright's imagination. For almost five years the octogenarian "dean" of American architects worked on and off on Mrs. Walker's challenge. The result was a home that, since its completion in 1952, has been one of the show places of the Monterey Peninsula.

Mrs. Walker's Wright-designed house clings to a rocky battlement on the south end of Carmel's white horse-shoe beach. Thousands of tourists, taking the almost mandatory ride along Scenic Drive, have stopped their cars nearby to get a better look at it.

They are impressed not only by its enviable location and its over-all design that makes it a fitting man-made complement to its natural surroundings. They are intrigued by its unique features, especially its stepped-out living room windows, its prow-shaped terrace and its aqua-green roof of naked enamel shingles.

Although Mrs. Walker's first, dream-like specification inspired Wright to design a home for her, her later, more conventional suggestions almost made him abandon the project at one point. "You don't need me," he told her, "if you want a house looking like a hen where a seagull ought to be." So Mrs. Walker let Wright have his way, a way that has made him a legendary figure even within his lifetime.

Mrs. Walker is happy that Wright proved her wrong because she loves the house, and she has repeated the hen-seagull quote to many acquaintances. It is this story that originated a wide-spread local belief that the home is supposed to represent a seagull. "That's wrong," says Mrs. Walker, a trim, white-haired, matter-of-fact widow, "it's not supposed to represent anything except what it is: a house."

It's not a big house: just 1,200 square feet, but big enough with its three bedrooms for Mrs. Walker, her full-time maid and her visiting children, grandchildren and guests. Mrs. Walker spends only part of each week in Carmel, the rest mostly in her San Francisco apartment.

The house, she finds, would be "too small to live in all the time," a strictly subjective observation. It is a fact, however, that due to the large number of different rooms, the sizes of the individual rooms have suffered. The bedrooms, much like small cabins on an ocean liner, are for bed time and not much else, and the living room would be almost oppres-

Walker's son in Susanville.

Heating is by radiant floor units, and it is illustrative of the home's tight and well-insulated construction that Mrs. Walker's PG&E bills never run more than \$10 a month, considerably less than in many smaller homes.

Built-in furniture includes vanities and desks in bedrooms as well as seats and a couch along the living room view windows. Odd-angled dining table was specially built for house, as was a nest of six triangular tables by Brutens of Monterey. Mrs. Walker added only a few pieces—mostly chairs—and decorative items (such as Japanese fish net balls) of her own.

How much did the house cost? This is a question Mrs. Walker says she can't answer because she didn't really keep track of it. She says, however, that it is insured for \$25,000, "which I think is enough." It's doubtful, however, that the house could ever be replaced at that price.

It is interesting to note here that Wright's services, in this instance at least, come cheaper than those of many other architects in that he does not charge expenses for traveling to and from the site. His fee was a flat 10 per cent, including one per cent for construction supervision.



on Carmel Beach

ively small if, visually, it didn't take in the entire sweep of Carmel Bay from Pebble Beach to the north and a good chunk of open sea to the west.

In addition to the bedrooms are three bathrooms, two with showers and one with tub; a compact kitchen, separated from the living room by a folding screen type door; several closets and a "gallery"—a passageway along the bedroom wing.

The house is protected against ocean glare by an over-sized roof of about 3,000 square feet that also covers the carport and projects over the edge of the walls for six feet in most places.

In the design, Wright wholly departed from the conventional four-cornered concepts of rooms. There isn't a square corner in the house. The culmination of this dynamic approach is in the hexagonal living room which is dominated by a triangular fireplace. The shape of the fireplace, like the shape of the terrace, is reminiscent of a ship's prow. The fireplace and terrace triangles are on the same axis.

The stepped-out windows, leading up to the wide roof overhang above the terrace, do not open. Ventilation for the living room is provided by sliding louvers that are hidden from view by up-tilted window ledges.

The home's construction is of Carmel stone, supplemented by combed cedar wood on interior walls and ceilings. This wood came from the mills of Mrs.





Where

KEYNOTING the Stanton home in Carmel Valley, "Really," Dalmatian, and "Chessie" take their ease in the living room. Patio (right below) is accessible from both the living room, left, and the family room, right. Grand piano (lower left) occupies one corner of living room.

Photos by Maynard Parker



It only stands to reason that an architect really pours it on when he builds a home for himself and his family.

Architect Robert Stanton did just that. Indeed, he feels that his own house in Carmel Valley is the best work he has ever done.

It was a most unusual project. Stanton started with a site that most people wouldn't build on: a knoll 200 feet long but only about 65 feet wide, and curved at that. He also started with a rough, general plan. Nothing else. From there on he played it by ear, giving specific building instructions day by day for the year-and-a-half it took to build the place.

Actually, says 56-year-old Stanton, who is one of the country's most successful architects, "the house grew around a statement Mrs. Stanton made: 'I want my front door in the kitchen. I don't want to walk 95 feet to answer my door bell.'"

The Stantons wanted a small house but at the same time they wanted all the luxuries of a house on the grand scale, the kind of 17-room mansion they lived

in such luxurious hand-crafted detail it would be difficult to find its equal anywhere in modern communities. They have a compact, space-saver kitchen from whose resources the Stantons have fed gourmet meals to as many as 96 people at the same time. And yet it's only a two-room house in real estate terminology.

The secret of all this lies in Stanton's arrangement and planning. In 1945 the Stantons started off with a living room, a bath-dressing room, a kitchen (modeled after the streamlined efficiency of a dining car galley on the Twentieth Century Limited), a terrace, a garden and a million-dollar view that can't be spoiled, and they own all of it—10½ acres straddling the Carmel River.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanton slept in the living room, hitting the sack often while bridge games were still in process. The youngsters—triplets, now 18½ years old—slept in individual cubicles in the three-car garage. The kids, Michael, Sue and Shannah, are now all away at college, but until they went they enjoyed some rare

Living is Easy

before moving to Carmel Valley from Pebble Beach in 1945. They wanted to be able to entertain lavishly—which is their favorite recreation (and almost Mrs. Virginia Stanton's profession—she's party editor of House Beautiful magazine). Yet they wanted a home they could run without servants.

A tall order.

But they got it.

They now have—after the construction of an addition last year—a house finished

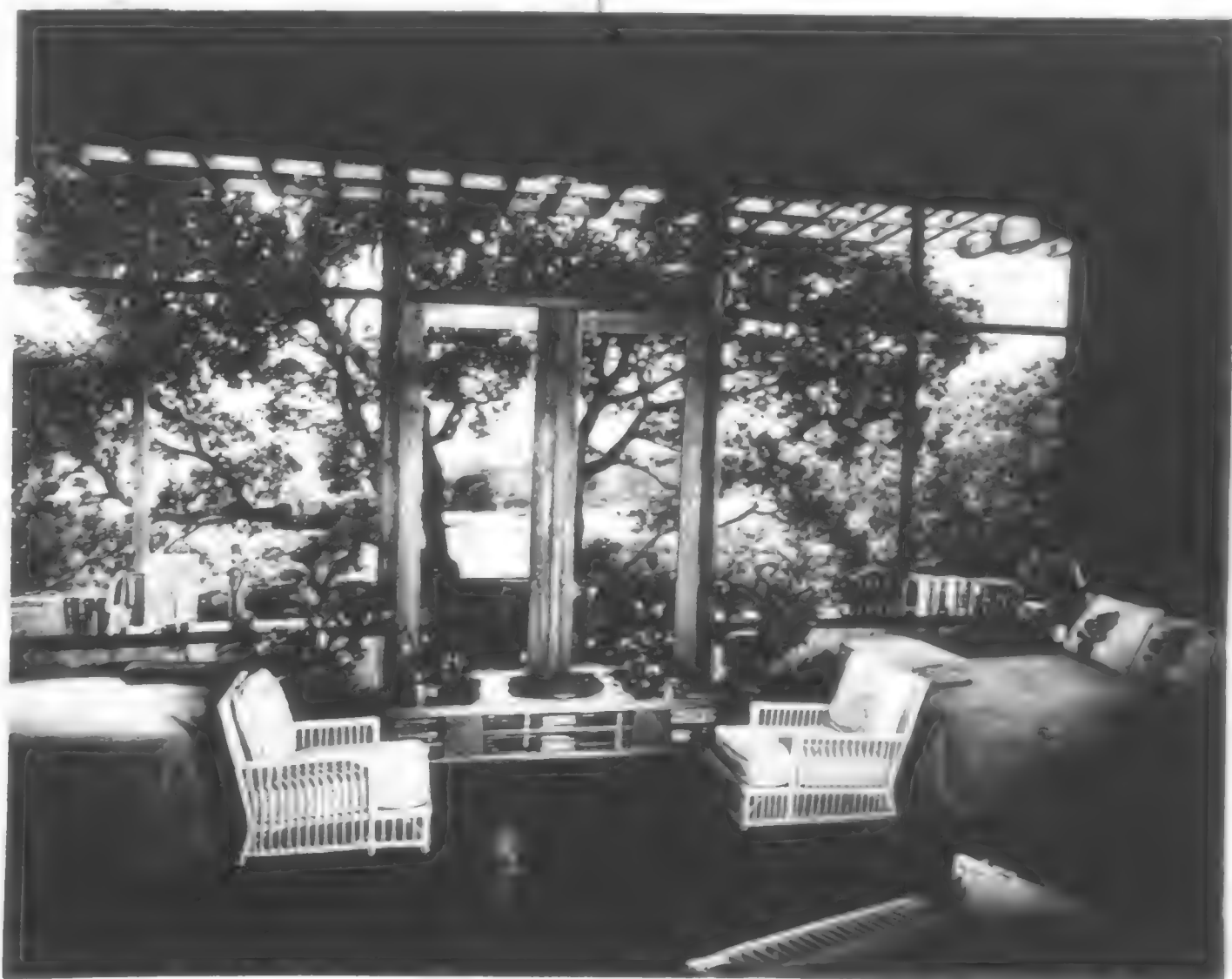
living in those "box-stalls" as their father called them. Each had his own private shower bath. Each had its own private skylight through which they could observe the tummysides of skunks, raccoons and other valley creatures. But their cubicles were undamagable so they could do anything they wanted in them.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanton still sleep in the living room. Only now they have a second living room they call "Family

(Please turn page)



MAIN ENTRANCE to the Stanton home (above) comes into kitchen. The Stantons sleep in the living room, (below right), his left, hers right. The planters between the beds keep reading lights out of each other's eyes. Trees outside windows are flood-lighted from below at night. Huge hooded fireplace (lower left) with raised hearth and shag mats invites relaxation.





VARIETY of culinary equipment lines kitchen (left) on all sides. Part of Virginia's dish wardrobe decorates wall panel on right. Special smoking oven (below) flavors meats over hickory and charcoal embers. Wasco dome skylights serve double duty, providing natural light by day and indirect lighting for night. Clumps on ceiling are part of Stanton's special acoustic tile.



BUSY COOKING times bring about use of pantry as a second kitchen (4 burner range at right below). Pantry has streamlined sink arrangement of dining car kitchen. Clean tableware is pulled from closets on other side of counter. Dirty tableware is returned to sink counter, fed into dishwasher under counter, then returned to cupboards from pantry side. All of which saves time and steps and enables the Stantons to entertain lavishly without undue stress. Family Room, (lower left) opens directly from main kitchen.



WHERE LIVIN' IS EASY

Room." The old kitchen has become a second dressing room, and the new Family Room has its own bar and kitchen and pantry. Prime reason for this addition last year was that the Stanton children—rapidly turning into adults—should have proper space to do their own entertaining.

Entertaining really counts in the Stanton home. There's a party almost every week, and 20 guests for dinner or Sunday luncheon isn't particularly unusual. Both Mr. and Mrs. Stanton love to cook, and they love it especially when they have an audience. Fittingly the kitchen is the focal point of the "Family Room" where most of the partying takes place.

This kitchen is a woman's dream. There's a four-burner stainless steel stove, a commercial-type oven, assorted spirit cookers, a rotisserie, a vertical spit with charcoal burner, a broiler with an extra spit and a smoke oven. If this shouldn't prove enough there is a second four-burner in the pantry, and outdoors—on the terrace 100 feet above the river—a Mongolian oven big enough to do a whole pig in.

All the kitchen equipment is compactly together. Mrs. Stanton, standing at the stove, can reach behind her to open the pots and pans closet that has a systematic place for everything. The pantry next door is equipped with a 25 cubic foot refrigerator and a 32 cubic foot freezer, a dish washer and a huge "wardrobe"—as Mrs. Stanton calls it—of assorted table ware that ranges from English China to local Larry Lushbaugh pottings, from aged pewter to pyrex coffee cups from the dime store, from Belgian baked enamel ware to sea shells on which she likes to serve salads.

To streamline operations a counter opens into the Family Room from the pantry. Drawers and closets open in both directions. Dirty dishes are returned directly over the counter and fed into the dishwasher—all resulting in a minimum of hiking while acting the hostess.

Regardless of how many people she entertains, Mrs. Stanton—assisted by meat-specialist Mr. Stanton—does all the cooking. She hires one helper for serving and cleaning up when there are more than 10 guests, two if there are more than 20. As for the rest there is no outside household help except a daytime maid for cleaning up and a gardener who keeps up the landscape in about 24 man-hours a week.

It was this gardener—a jack-of-all-trades who has been working on one thing or another with Stanton for many years—who did most of the building on the Stanton home. Now and then he had help, especially when specialists were required, but most of the time he worked alone and, being a conscientious craftsman, the house has many touches that would have been impossible under any other kind of working relationship. Says Stanton:

"I could never build a house like this for a client. I couldn't afford to. For over

a year there was an hour's work every morning—talking things over with my wife and then with our boy how to do what was to be done next. You couldn't work that way with a client."

Stanton won't say how much it cost him to put up the home. The reason is that it was so little—comparatively speaking—he feels the figure would be misleading: people would expect to get this kind of house for that amount of money, which is, of course, impossible for the layman.

Most people, in fact, would turn down the plan for the house if they only saw it on paper, Stanton feels.

First they would insist on a separate bedroom. Then they'd object to 12-foot ceilings. Then they'd object to a garage-length trellis of plain cut-up 2 by 6's made to look aged by the application of a mixture of cement and potassium permanganate. They'd sneer at an architect's spontaneous use of such peculiar items as uncoated hospital curtain rods. They'd worry about living in a house held up by cement water pipes—which the Stanton home is.

Altogether the architect is quite sure that few people would have the vision to buy this kind of a home while it's still in the drawing stage although they drool over it once it's completed.

Take the cement water pipes. Of course it isn't just the pipes that hold up the house. What Stanton has done is to fill the pipes with concrete and steel. These filled pipes were sunk five feet deep into the valley soil, giving the home earthquake-proof anchorage. From these no-shake vertical supports the rest of the home was cantilevered—hung from steel girders and wooden beams knitting the cement pipes together horizontally.

On this rigid framework the different spaces were enclosed with various kinds of woods, walls of native stone—right from the property—and glass. Floors are cement. (The old part of the house has hot-water pipe heating built into the floor; the Family Room addition has electric wiring in the cement. A bit of Stanton advice: stay away from electric radiant floor heat in this climate. Usually bills are too high.)

Pictures tell the story of the visual effect of the Stanton home better than words ever will or can.

Verbalization, however, is required to explain how Stanton sought to achieve the feeling of tranquility the residence possesses. Stanton, who once was a professional musician, approached the design from the musician's point of view: following a consistent rhythm throughout.

In architecture this rhythm is pegged in terms of what is known as the "module"—a specific measurement repeated in various ways in everything in the house. In the Stanton home the module is approximately three inches, all measurements in the structure becoming multiples thereof. This gives the whole work unity.

(How did this approximate three-inch



THE TRIPLETS, Michael, Sue and Shannah have individual "box stalls" located in the 3-car garage. Bunk beds allow space for children's guests.

measurement come about? Stanton used 16 inch center on center construction, which is quite a normal standard, allowing about 15 inches between the edges of the beams. Following architecture's age-old Golden Rule of the 5:8 relationship, Stanton divided the approximate 15 inches into five parts, arriving at three inches.)

Interesting are some of the special items that help to make the house outstanding. Here are some of them:

- There are over 4,000 cubic feet of closet space, much of it hidden behind the wood panels of the 25 by 19½ foot living room.

- There are no pictures in the house. Decoration all lies in textures and colors of the rocks and woods used in the construction, in the special concepts. What pictures there are are in the windows, day and night—at night as the trees outside the windows are flood-lighted from below an escarpment.

- There is no paint in the house. All woods are finished with a San Jose product called "Inwood" that comes in various shadings, is allowed to soak in and is then steelwooled off. Stanton is so impressed with this product he constantly talks about it. "You'd think," he says, "I owned a chunk of it." (Which he doesn't).

- Ceilings are of something Stanton

calls "Stalagtex"—in effect icebox insulating Celotex cut with 45 degree-angled grooves. It's wonderful to look at, and, the architect says, increases acoustical properties by 400 per cent. "Unfortunately," he snorts, "I didn't have sense enough to patent it." He invented it because music is important to the family. Tile and ordinary acoustical tile was too ugly for the house.

- Family Room draperies are of plain 39 cent a yard burlap, made to look swanky and expensive by pulling fibers out of it in a pattern based on the home's module. The Stanton youngsters did that work. (They also finished much of the wood in the house.)

- Mexican string curtains (white) are hung from hospital curtain rods in the part of the terrace you might call an outdoor living room. The rods, of brass, show an attractive patina.

- Cement water pipes (the vertical supports) where facing indoors are covered with vertically applied bishop crown molding, interwoven horizontally with braising rod—simple ingredients add up to a swanky whole.

- Ceilings have set-in Wascodomes, skylights in the daytime, lights at night because Stanton has ringed them with indirect fixtures covered by patterned, trellis-like ornaments.

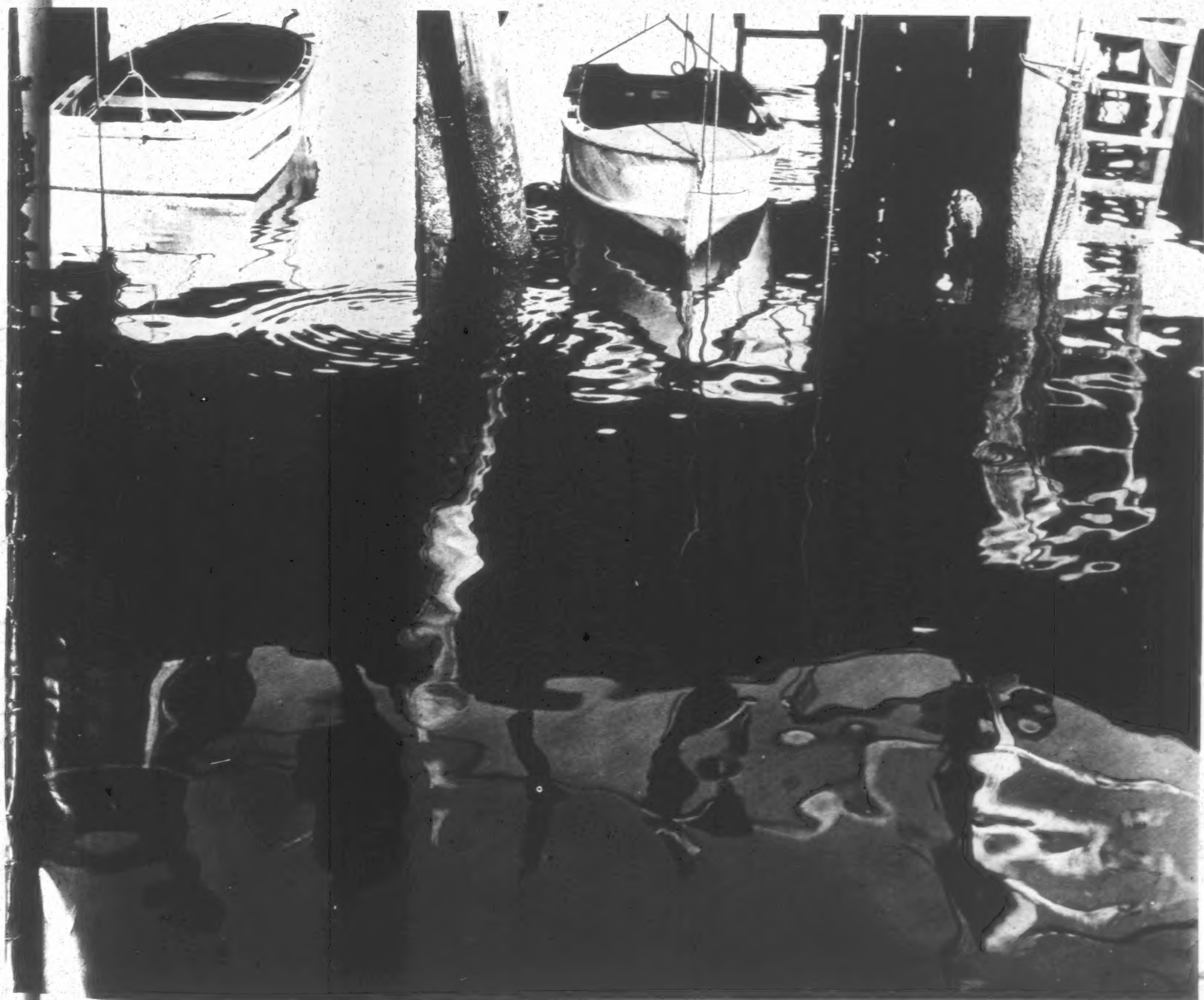
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CARMEL BEACH *by Wynn Bullock.*

Old Fisherman's Wharf, Monterey

Photos by Wynn Bullock







CARMEL VALLEY

by Brett Weston.



MONTEREY BAY. Photo by V

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